



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

VOL. II. (J. J. OWEN, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER, 734 Montgomery St.) SAN FRANCISCO, CAL., SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1886. (TERMS (In Advance): \$2.50 per annum; \$1.25 for six months.) NO. 11.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Common sense is genius in its working dress.

Honest error is to be pitied, not ridiculed.—*Chesterfield*.

So much we gain
If Love is strong, God thinks no pain
Too sharp or lasting to ordain,
To teach us this.

The poorest education that teaches self-control, is better than the best that neglects it.

Our prayers and God's mercy are like two buckets in a well—when one ascends the other descends.—*Bishop Hopkins*.

Give fools their gold and knaves their power,
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a seed or trains a flower
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

For he who blesses most is blest,
And God and man shall own his worth.
Who toils to leave as his bequest,
An added beauty to the earth.

Is not prayer also a study of truth,—a sally of the soul into the unfound infinite? No man ever prayed heartily without learning something.—*Nature*.

True human reason is capable of loftier flights than are involved in the problem of mathematics or the researches of natural science.—*Rev. James Reed*.

The truest lives are those that are cut rose-diamond fashion, with many facets answering to the many-planed aspects of the world about them.—*O. W. Holmes*.

In a sensible family, nobody ever hears the words, "shall," and "shan't;" nobody commands, and nobody obeys, but all conspire and joyfully co-operate.—*Emerson*.

Patience, of all the virtues blindest,
Is not a gift! Endurance only brings it,
And not at once as other goods are bought;
But it is thine by calm continuance
In bearing, loving, hoping and forgiving.
The good man only can be patient, for
As he grows patient, so too he grows good.
Wouldst thou be so, then learn to bear a little,
Forgive, and love and hope; then more and more
And with a growing pleasure, till at last
Thou dost this one thing gladdest, only this:
And so become good, and winnest thus
Patience, of all the virtues blindest,
A thousand treasures for a single one.
—LEOFOLD SCHREFFER.

The highest of all characters, in my estimation, is his who is ready to pardon the errors of mankind, as if he were every day guilty of some himself; and, at the same time, as cautious of committing a fault, as if he never forgave one. It is a rule, then, which we should, upon all occasions, both private and public, most religiously observe; to be inexorable to our own failings, while we treat those of the rest of the world with tenderness, not excepting even such as forgive none but themselves.—*Melmoth's Pliny*.

Climb if you would see the sun over the eternal hills. Let the stones pierce your feet if you would know what it is to have won the victory of life. Do not push aside the thorns if you want to know what it is to have vanquished them. Mariners plow the sea; philosophers probe the earth and dwell life-long over one secret that they may find out the mystery thereof. Hairs turn gray, faces are wrinkled, forms become decrepit over one truth that the soul is in search of.—*Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond*.

SOCIALISM IN THE LIGHT OF SPIRITUALISM.

A Discourse Given Through the Mediumship of Mrs. Cora L. V. Richmond, at New York, on Sunday Evening, Dec. 13, 1895.

[Reported for "The Spiritual Messenger."]

Socialism is to existing civilization what abolition was to slavery, or the religion of Christ to that of Moses. Whatever is contains such portions of error that that which is to be forever must wish to abolish it. That which is to be is to-day veiled in the word socialism, however obscured, under whatever extremes it may be presented. The existing civilization of earth is at war with that which man finally accepts as perfection, and necessarily is at war with it because of its imperfections. Selfishness arrayed against selfishness; the protection of the aggregated individual rights against the rights of humanity—these are but extreme propositions. The whole social fabric remains to be solved, in its external aspects, in the light of the future. Fourier made statement of a system which in its idealization was perfect, in its practical illustration to-day is impossible, and in its representation absurd, but nevertheless it points to an illustration that in the future will be practicable. The dreams of poets like Shelley, the experiments of philanthropists like Robert Owen, are stepping stones, and prophecies of that which is to come, and when the large humanity appears of which these are the predictions and prophecies, socialism will have the fulfillment of its dream, even though under another name. We are not sticklers for names. As spiritualism represents as a word the religion and the religious aspirations of this day, so socialism must present the changes that are to be wrought in human society. In the more external form of socialism it seems anarchy, it seems destruction, and the latter has more life than reconstruction, but it is destruction that is needed. No one could tell, when the abolition of slavery came, what was to be done afterwards. The afterwards was left in the hands of a higher power than man's. To-day right is the first thing, the consequences that must follow you are not responsible for. Whether the condition of the slave were worse or better, whether the state of society in the case is more peaceful or warlike, whether there is more happiness or suffering—you have nothing to do with that. You could not abolish slavery voluntarily; God had to do it for you. Under the nemesis of his judgment the nation reaped in the bitterness of tears the harvest of her wrong-doing. The whole world is in a condition of bondage, the chiefest and supremest of which is the bondage to Mammon. The ideal socialism is arrayed against this. It proposes, however, to meet force with force, violence with violence, intelligence with intelligence, and peace with peace. The originators of socialism were dreamers, the illustrators of it are to-day, perhaps, from the slums. Midway between these two extremes are all the hopes of humanity, and those hopes must find expression in such various ways as the overthrow of tyranny in such legislation concerning human affairs as shall tend toward the object in view. Socialism sets aside the claims of the individual beyond the individual needs, and merges them in the whole; socialism prevents the culmination of human wrong in the culmination of human power; and socialism proposes that whatever accrues to the individual beyond his needs, as the result of individual development, shall be the property of mankind, whether it be in the realm of the physical, mental, or spiritual. Not so with the individualism of this day of utility. In the nineteenth century the result of the protection of the individual in the accumulation of wealth and power (and however monstrous a robber he may be he is protected in this). Socialism is obliged to meet this individualism with equal power, which is revolution. In Russia socialism means one thing, in France another, in England another, something different to all grades and degrees, representing the needs of the people who are socialists, but the aim is toward one result: the overthrow of tyranny in whatever form tyranny is found. If it be in the legislature, overthrow that; if it be in the possession of

property which gives by the law of primogeniture and entail greater power than the individual should possess, whatever the vested rights are: this socialism proposes to overthrow. If it chances to be in the person of the Czar he must be overthrown also. The object is not to kill, but to remove whatever lies between man and his destiny, which is freedom. This is, of course the figure that socialism presents to the world to-day, and for the most part human society is arrayed against it. For the most part human interests represent human society, and whatever is ancient, honorable, revered, and respected, must be at war with that which is new and innovating, therefore not respectable, therefore not sanctioned. But you can not afford to ignore the issues of the hour, even though you do not approve of them, even though your conscience is at war within them, you must admit their presence, you must do something with reference to them, though you think they have nothing to do with your life. The thoughts are there, and though you summon all your power to oppose them you must still do something, and that something every intelligent human being is doing to-day. Each one is either augmenting the force of the rapidly culminating power, or endeavoring to overthrow it, which will make the reaction more powerful, and throw the whole weight of human society on the side of revolution. If you oppose it you aid it; if you sit still, seemingly, you aid it; if you lift up your voice in favor of it, it still moves on the same.

But the law of force which has proved good as belonging to the rights of socialists, under certain conditions of political tyranny, becomes merged in another power which we denominate the influence of spirit. Spiritualism predicted socialism as it now stands in the world, foretold the revolutions that are occurring to-day, warned the people of that which was to come, made them aware of the existence (in solution) which has now crystallized into a revolutionary power, and made way in individual lives for its approach. Spiritualism has precipitated the crises in individual lives, but not in nations, for that must come to them after long ripening. This precipitation is a certain preparation for victory for those who are to be victorious in the final result of this conflict. Even though you, standing here to-night, may not approve of bloodshed, may not consider that it is justifiable under any circumstances to take human life, neither did William Lloyd Garrison and some of his coadjutors in the anti-slavery cause, but when it was taken out of their hands and war was inevitable, they did not say peace, but war. So you who can not approve of the shedding of blood for any individual wrong of your own, and who, if you are correctly educated and disciplined, would not take human life to save your own; still, if it comes to this, that over there in Russia, in France, or even in England there is conflict, your voice, your sentiment, the moral force of your nature, must be on the side of the oppressed, must be against the oppressor; you should not help it. If socialism left to itself should therefore seem to be merely sanguinary revolution, even then you could not lift up your voice to stay its course when it came to an actual contest for the rights which individuals or societies were deprived of by force. But when it enters the larger arena of moral conflict, when you see the aim of socialism, when you understand that if socialism is right in its basis, the existing order of things can not be right in any particular, and if it is a choice between the two and now the whole energy of human life will be spent in strengthening, when determined its position—when this comes to be known, then whatever power can throw any light upon the highest duty of man, can give any guidance concerning man's ultimate course, whatever can convey to any one in the hour of peril, or in the hour of conflict, what is right, that power should be hailed with the greatest joy. The participants in the revolution will not heed it, but the larger other class looking on to see what way the wonder will be wrought, who watch the fiery nemesis of revolution and war from the standpoint of observation; these with enlightened judgment, with spirits disciplined by trial, with the powers of mind educated to the needs and welfare of mankind, can not fail to take heed, for they knew whither it tends.

The difference between the community of interest which is the result of a unity of

natural purpose and natural necessities, and that of societies under the enlightenment and growth of humanity, must forever be the difference between a unity for the purpose of material subsistence and protection, or a unity for the purpose of a common brotherhood. It is the difference between the savage man and the moral man; it is the difference between the law of physical force and the law of Christ; it is the difference between that which is engendered by might, or that natural blossoming or flowering out of the highest and noblest elements in man. Christian civilization, had it wrought its proper work in society, would have presented nothing for the Socialist to dream of, to struggle for. Had the love and word of Christ wrought their way into human existence, as enunciated from the Mount of Olivet, there would have been no voices pleading over the sea for the rights of men; no revolutions going on beneath the thrones and kingdoms of earth. But it has not, and that which is offered as a substitute for this Christian civilization is so hollow, so meagre, so bare that no wonder these men cry out against the established forms of worship and government, against the soulless body which is offered to them in the name of God. Had the spirit of Christ entered into the dispensation of Christian affairs and Christian lives, and so moved men from within that by a common impulse they would have done good, all this would have been avoided. But the "golden calf" was not set up alone in the wilderness by the children of Israel; it is here in the nineteenth century, and the worshippers thereof are not the recreant sons of Israel, but the recreant sons and daughters of the Christian church.

Socialism is the natural result of this shortcoming; is the natural fruitage of this failure; is the natural blossom of this tree, and will exist until man's profession and that which he offers as a result of it shall harmonize and be made complete. It is no answer to this to say that Socialists propose to substitute one form of tyranny for another. Why should they not? If tyranny is to prevail, who is the tyrant? Should not all be tyrants if they can? It is no answer to say that even in the worship of Mammon these men would be as arbitrary, as selfish, and as lawless, as those they make war against. Again we ask, why should they not have their spoils? why could not the gold and land belong as well to these men, if they win them by violence, as to your ancestors, those sanguinary kings who waged war upon their neighbors for the purpose of despoiling them of their possessions?

As to your Puritan Fathers, who took the land that was not theirs, who drove the former possessors from it in the name of Christ? Surely it were no greater robbery to elevate the thought of man to doing the same to-day for the benefit of humanity instead of the individual, and that elevation these people have or claim in their purpose, but that alone would not warrant them in going forward.

Still that name under which they are pressing forward does represent to the human race greater possibilities, than any other, there must cluster around it all those minds (in secret or openly, in prayer and in praise) who have hopes for humanity in any direction; and, deplore the methods as they may, they can not for the life of them offer any other methods that will at all answer the needs and emergencies of the hour.

Spiritualism, in its broadest significance, is the only other word that does offer other methods, is the only solution of this mystic, intricate, and imminent problem. It does not offer a solution to the large number of people who are precipitated into the conflict, i. e., nominally, but it does offer a solution to a small minority of people, who know that between the socialist and the tyrant, between the revolution and that which it has come to overthrow, between anarchy (if you please, we will call it anarchy) and that which is established, there is a possible arbitration, a solution of all this problem, in the spiritual light of to-day, and we guarantee that those who study the influence of spiritual light upon human lives and human affairs will recognize that wherever it enters it does more to solve the problems of life than all merely utopian theories, all superficial attempts at communities, or than all revolutions that take men at the white heat of passion, and lure them on to destruction.

To-day there are thousands and thou-

sands upon whom the light of conscious communion with the spiritual life has dawned, thousands upon thousands whose individual lives have been inter-penetrated by the influence of this life, who have been moulded and shaped in their daily lives and social belongings by its power, who have been summoned to do and be the right thing here, and have set up for others the standard of doing and being; and this large body of people, could they be summoned together at any given place (which they probably will not), they would represent a force that is neither a force of anarchy, nor is it a force of despotism, but it is a force which takes the whole conflict into a different and third realm, into the realm of man's moral belongings and of his spiritual nature, the realm of cause and effect; and in the ultimate destiny of the race it proposes to show what the result will be when the conflict is over, when this warring and striving shall have ceased. This, then, would be the realization of the dream of Fourier; this, then, would be the fulfillment of the Eden of the poets; this, then, carried forward still further, would be the epitomization of that millennium which is to come, when man, working out all conditions of striving, shall understand the laws of his spiritual being. Does Spiritualism teach that freedom is greater than all things else? We answer no. To the slave in chains, who has no thought all the while of religion, freedom is the only aim of his existence. He starts at night, pursued by wrathful slave masters with hungry hounds, to win his freedom; but the slave imbued with religious purpose finds his freedom in remaining. No one can enslave him; in the midst of that which the world calls bondage he is free. To the slave who is fleeing we would say, godspeed, and hasten to open all doors to give him shelter, and with swift wings help him across whatever barrier will keep him from that which he seeks; but to the one who remains there is such fulfillment of perfect freedom that you can only pray with him, and see, while the great light dawns upon him that has made him free, that it is his master who is in chains and needs to be set free.

To the individual lives who have learned the lesson of Spiritualism the great end and aim of life is not liberty. Liberty is something, it is very much if you have nothing else; it is all if you have no other hope. But there is a larger possession that comes in the midst of that which you call bondage, lightens up the prison, and sets the spirit free, and makes you aware that you are not in chains. Pascal writing upon the dungeon walls his immortal song, all who have suffered martyrdom in dungeon, in prison cell, in chains, were free because of the glorified light that was within.

Do not fly from a lesser bondage, and thereby miss a larger freedom; do not mistake the petty tyrant of the hour for a life wrong, and thereby miss the redeeming Christ that is within.

The lesson brooding closely to each individual heart is that you can sympathize with the nihilist, but if you had the ear of the individual, if you had the heart of the friend, then you could whisper such divine message as would make the Czar perfectly safe in his prison house of clay. Those who are now his subjects would be princes, ruling themselves by the light of this matchless flame. You may sympathize with the laborers of England, but if you had the ear of those individually grown, and spiritually enlightened, you could say there's a nearer way than this to the workingman's paradise. When protest has done its utmost, when all the moral force you can bring to bear upon injustice has exhausted itself, then into your life will there come such triumph over all conditions as shall make it impossible for you to suffer. You can not teach this to all. We do not say you can teach it to those who are hungry for bread, but the majority of these people are not starving for bread; they are starving for the true "bread of life." They do not know what the "bread of life" is. They do not know but what they are seeking the "bread of life" when they flee away from outward tyranny. But could they remain the whole dwelling of the state would be illumined by their moral presence, and the king would have to fly, for he would realize himself to be so much more enslaved that he could not remain.

We believe the time is coming when the oppressors will fly from their own oppres-

Incarnation or Reincarnation.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

In one of your former issues of the *GOLDEN GATE* you refer to the ideas of reincarnation in rather a sarcastic way. You seem to carry the idea that something had a beginning at physical birth. You come very near saying that life is the result of organism; this will not do, for several reasons: First, because it is not true in any sense. I have no objections to the giving of conservative taffy to religionists, for anything will be better than what they have received in the past, from tradition; but with materialists we must deal in a different way. They have received some truth; they are prepared and asking for more.

We, as Spiritualists, have more truth than materialism (so we think, at least), for we go back of material things and deal with the power that moves the universe of all matter. It is to this end I wish now to call your attention, together with the readers of the *GOLDEN GATE*, that we may together grow in the knowledge of the truth. The subject of reincarnation, as it is called, is to-day but little understood by the masses; but wise men and women never run away with half the truth.

I will now call your attention to a few facts connected with the great subject we propose to deal with in this communication.

I move my physical body by my will-power, using the nervous system as a medium for results. I am superior to my physical body, for it has no power over my will. I can destroy my physical body; it can not destroy me, because I am greater than it. Now, if life be the result of organism then a less thing has created something superior to itself; in other words an inanimate something has originated a living power superior to itself. This kind of logic did very well before the power of demonstrated fact from the spirit side of life came and destroyed every vestige of premises for the materialists.

Reincarnationists come forward with what seem to be facts bearing on the points at issue in this way:

There is a positive side of life comprising spirit space in which spirits exist in a normal condition unto themselves, each being a positive, eternal centre of creative power and being, possessing consciousness, the power of volition, and, in fact, all power of the universe. This conscious spirit, or individualized entity, has desires, one is to accomplish for itself and others. It does this to increase its enjoyment. But, you ask, if spirits are perfectly happy how can that perfection be increased? I answer, we may have more or less in quantity of this perfect happiness as our efforts open and enlarge the capacity of the soul to receive, but it is the same perfect soul nevertheless, through all.

In spirit life each spirit is supreme; that is to say, there is no power without or above superior to the inward monarch; no power compels us to do or to be except the inward desire to enjoy. I, for instance, wish to build that I may enjoy the result of that kind of effort in spirit life. I know spirits in the spirit world who, for thousands of years, have no desire for effort in any direction, yet they have perfect enjoyment, but not to the extent of one like Wm. Shakespeare. By and by their inward powers seem to burst into new activity; their sun again flames forth with new life and light, and they begin their onward march through a new realm of conditions for millions of ages and thousands of incarnations. They have new desires to accomplish for themselves and others; to do this they must use means for the accomplishment of ends.

They commence again at the lowest round of life to climb the stairway. They come to earth and first learn to control a physical body by the laws of magnetism; they begin to incarnate by first magnetizing atoms of matter and, like the mason, place each atom of now living material in its proper place into a complete physical or human body under the will-power of the master mechanic the spirit.

When this is done consciousness is enthroned in the new fortress of power and the physical machine begins to adopt means to ends. It begins to accomplish the results of which are in a golden harvest passed continually to the spirit side of life. It is the spirit reaching out into conditions of material life for the jewel of experience which it may wear in the great hereafter. In the first effort it may fail to reach desired results, for the new physical body, which is the conditions, is but clay with only a frail grasp of the life power; it may at any time be dissolved; but from each seeming failure there comes to the spirit new light and power, and by and by effort is crowned with success, and a Shakespeare or an Emerson is returned to spirit life with all their renewed power and glory.

But it is the same living, conscious entity, through all change and time. This is what we mean by reincarnation; it is the foundation fact of the universe, the eternal truth of all ages and realms. No spirit exists to-day but what has been incarnated in physical conditions a million of times, if not in this universe in others perhaps more grand than ours.

We must not narrow our views down to the weak, frail human bodies that we have, giving to it powers that belong to one behind the throne, the positive and eternal one, the monarch of all time and space,

the architect and builder of all universes. Before these great propositions of life eternal how insignificant does the Christians, ideas appear of the creation of man by a beathen God. What a contrast there is in the two different processes. In the first instance a supreme, eternal spirit, for itself and by the power of its own will, builds, under physical law, in perfect conformity to nature's best wishes, a beautiful organism of its own, almost a perfect type of its celestial form, and through it accomplishes more for itself and humanity in the way of good acts than did ever Jehovah, the God of the Jews. How weak is tradition when brought face to face with the living inspiration of to-day from the spirit world.

In conclusion, to the materialist I would say, be of good cheer; you have asked for demonstrated fact; we have it. It is no traditional returning star of Bethlehem we wish to interest you in; but the great eternal truth of all ages has come to dwell with us. Watchmen on the tower seeking for light have heralded the dawn of the coming day. The truth you see is even at your very door. I sit in a spirit cabinet; then the dear departed come trooping back to me. I see their feet glide swiftly o'er the heavenly plain to meet me; they stand beside me in material form again; I look into their faces and see the same love that passed from material sight through death's doorway long ago. They speak to me in audible voice and tell me of their love and the new-found homes above. This truth has already redeemed thousands of souls from the abject poverty of materialism, and they now rejoice with you and me. Seek and you shall find to-day all in demonstrated fact you wish.

A. W. STODDARD.

OAKLAND, March 24, 1886.

A Suggestion.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I have read with admiration the programme of the "Golden Gate Association," which is in my view faultless, and even that is figuratively good and quite appropriate as a local name. But the programme is so complete, that it is worthy of universal adoption; therefore, I suggest that the "Golden Gate Association," adopt a name which every spiritual association in the world can adopt with equal propriety.

I am aware that it does not seem to the citizens of California, as an usurpation of leadership, but such is human nature, that it is quite possible that those of Portland, Oregon, and other cities, both east and west of the Rockies, may have a feeling of that kind. And as the prime object is harmony and united effect, it is important that a name of general acceptance, and yet with special significance, should be chosen. I think that "The Golden Rule Association" would be exactly right.

There is no sect nor party, but what accepts it in theory, and yet few, if any, who adopts it habitually, for the reason that Christian creeds, and Bible examples have so misled the people from primitive purity, that its observance is next to impossible. It is only the clear teachings, and the ever-present inspiring motives of Spiritualism, which can actualize the Golden Rule in the daily life of any people. And as this Rule is the only true basis for peace on earth, and of all true religion, it is pre-eminently the proper name under which Spiritualists should organize.

Please accept this as a suggestion from JOHN BEESON.

TALLEN, Oregon, March 16, 1886.

A London View of Poet Whittier.

In the retirement of his old home, Mr. Whittier is frequently visited by his English admirers, says the *London Pall Mall Gazette*. Among the latest have been Mr. Matthew Arnold and Mr. Gosse. The former found a striking instance of "culture's charm and labor's strength in rural homes united"—to quote Whittier's description of his native State—in the person of the wife of a young working farmer, who was familiarly acquainted with all his writings, both in prose and poetry—a discovery which is said to have moved him almost to tears. Mr. Whittier dislikes, for himself, biographies and biographers. "Of course, I am glad," he says, "to have thee tell my friends anything about me they care to know; but such fame as a man gets from books written about him after he is dead seems to me to be worth very little. I have never thought of myself as a poet in the sense in which we use the word when we speak of the great poets. I have just said from time to time the things I had to say, and it has been a series of surprises to me that people should pay so much attention to them, and remember them so long." But no one else will be surprised. And whether it is the effect of the noon sunshine, or whether it is that the landscape is transfigured in the light of the poet's reminiscences, for some reason or other the journey back to Boston takes one through a country where the soil seems less stony and the haystacks less solitary, and where even the old seaports seem not so much deserted, as people with stirring memories.

THERE are ten millions of people in the United States who know that Spiritualism is true, and not one living man on the globe who knows it is not. Ignorance denies; knowledge affirms.—*The Liberal*.

EXPERIENCE DEPARTMENT.

Seance with Mrs. Miller.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

I suppose this article ought to have been put in next to the other ones treating of the same subject, but as I did not do so, it may be as well to put it in now while the subject is being talked of and written about by others.

It was my good fortune to attend one of the few materializing seances given by Mrs. N. D. Miller, of Memphis, Tenn., in this city in June, 1884. I wrote and published, at the time, a short account of it in the *Pacific Leader*, but as that journal never had a large circulation, it may interest many, who did not see that article, to have it rewritten for the *GOLDEN GATE*.

The seance was held in a large parlor at 917 Market street. There were twelve persons in attendance, and I am sure I express the sentiment of every one of them when I say that the manifestations were a continuous series of surprises from the beginning to the end of a sitting lasting almost three hours.

There were, by actual count, sixty-one different forms appeared. They were of all ages, sexes, and appearances, from the form of the decrepit old man and woman to the boy and girl in the heyday of youthful vigor; and the conditions under which they appeared were such as to convince any reasonable person that fraud and deception were impossible. The cabinet in which the medium sat, during the seance, was three feet four inches wide, by four feet long, by six feet in height. It was built of twelve one-inch square sticks of the proper length, inserted into appropriately formed tin tubes at each corner, and over this slight structure ordinary bed blankets were tacked, leaving one side fastened only at the top, so as to form an entrance to the cabinet; the whole standing out in the middle of the room during the whole sitting. I may say here that it was never so dark in the room but that you could readily see a person moving about anywhere in the room.

The parlor, where we sat, is on the third floor, and has a large bay window facing Market street, and is about forty feet from the ground. When all was ready, the inside (wooden) blinds to this bay window were closed and blankets tacked up over them to exclude light from the street. The blankets forming the walls of the cabinet were tacked to the floor on three sides, leaving the side facing the sitters loose to be used as a door.

When all was ready, the medium was taken, by a committee of ladies, to an adjoining room and her person carefully searched by them; and when they returned to the audience-room with her they reported that she had nothing about her person but the ordinary garments going to make up a lady's wearing apparel, and that of these there was but one of a light color. When she went into the cabinet, the writer, by request of the medium's husband, tied her hands together with a piece of soft hemp cord, and they remained so during the whole sitting. Then the curtain was let down and the light lowered. There were, as I said before, sixty-one forms appeared, most of them coming out into the room some distance from the cabinet; others, however, only showed themselves.

There was one peculiarity about those forms coming out that I never saw with any other medium, viz: that they always came to some particular person, called him or her out, and walked back and forth in front of the cabinet with him or her.

I will now relate my own personal experiences, as they did not materially differ from those of other members of the circle. I was called up three times; once by an uncle, (or some one purporting to be such) who gave his name,—a name borne by one of my uncles,—though I could not recognize his features. He expressed pleasure at being able to come to me.

The next time, the dear partner of my joys and sorrows came out and called me to her, and, looking as natural as when in earth life, threw her arms around my neck and kissed me with all her former love and fervor, and whispered her name. We walked arm in arm several times across the room, she all the while talking to me in a natural and affectionate tone. Finally she stopped in front of the cabinet with me, and after bidding me a fond farewell, there being sufficient light to enable one to recognize another at a distance of six feet, she began sinking slowly to the floor; and even while I was holding her hands she faded out of sight, and lastly they too slipped from my grasp and were gone. It was to me an affectionate meeting. After a separation of twenty-two years I was thus suddenly brought face to face with a dear one gone before, and I returned to my seat weeping for joy.

The forms which came out were dressed in every style and in many different colors. Oftentimes when one was walking about the room another would be seen standing in the cabinet looking out. One, who was a man, tall, broad-shouldered and heavy, would come out, and instantly on his retiring a delicate young girl scarce four feet high would come.

The next part of the seance was equally astonishing. It was a musical performance. One pair of hands were put out playing familiar airs on the accordion;

and at the same time another pair were seen playing the triangle, and a single hand ringing a small tea-bell. The writer was several times asked to go into the cabinet, and on every occasion he found the medium still tied and in a rigid trance, without any pulse being perceptible.

The third part was still more interesting, if that were possible. Again the kind reader will allow me to speak of my own personal experiences, as they were essentially the same as those of others.

A dear sister came out, gave her name, and led me into the cabinet, and while I stood talking with her, there were at least twenty hands of all sizes patting me on different parts of my body. While this was going on my sister took my hands in hers and passed them over the head, arms, and hands of the medium, who was still in the rigid, pulseless trance before spoken of. All this time there were two voices—that of my sister and another talking to me.

There were many other things occurred which would be interesting to relate, but I must not trespass on your space further, as I see you have some others who are contributing to the Experience Department. I have made no comments upon these phenomena as I prefer to let each reader draw his own conclusion.

E. G. A.

Polar Climate.

[J. B. Pool, in Religio-Philosophical Journal.]

At the present time considerable is being said in regard to the climate at the north pole. Some contend that the polar climate is made warmer by being some thirteen miles nearer the central fire than the equatorial. Others discard the idea that the internal heat of the earth has any greater influence at the poles than at the equator, and consequently, as the temperature lowers, as we go north, the poles are the coldest parts of the earth.

It has been held by the writer, for many years, that the poles have a warm climate, but this warm climate is not the effect of the internal heat. It is the effect of the condensation of the atmosphere, which is evidently carried on at the poles on a large scale. In consequence of the revolution of the earth around its axis, the atmosphere presses more lightly on the earth at the equator; and, furthermore, the warmth of the sun rarefies the air, all of which causes it to ascend into the upper regions from whence it flows to the poles. As soon as this rarefied air gets into the neighborhood of the poles it begins to descend. As it falls it condenses, giving out heat which makes a warm climate in the polar regions. This condensed air now moves toward the equator, where it again becomes rarefied and makes its regular circuit.

It would seem that the equator is in perfect contrast with the poles. It is supposed that as we approach the equator the temperature increases, but some travelers affirm that at the equator it is cooler than at a comparatively short distance either side. This coldness must be due to the rarefaction which is continually going on, a contrast with the warmth which is created at the poles by condensation.

There is still another contrast which it, perhaps, would be advisable to speak of, viz: the hurricane, which no doubt prevails around the poles. At the equator, between the two trade winds, there is a calmness produced by the two winds neutralizing each other. In this calm belt the rarefied air rises upward. This upward movement is produced more by the centrifugal force, which bodies acquire at the equator than by the heat of the sun. At the poles the centrifugal force is lost, and the centripetal acts without any impediment, and consequently a column of air rushes down on the poles and gushes out in all directions horizontally, which creates a hurricane around the poles for a distance, perhaps, of fifty or an hundred miles; this tapers off to a gale, and then a breeze, and ends somewhere near latitude eighty-five degrees, perhaps. I do not know as any of the Arctic explorers have discovered a polar wind which constantly comes from the north, but it is to be presumed that if some one could penetrate a little farther north such a wind would be discovered.

"R. T."—The paraffine molds of spirit hands are given up now and if we are not mistaken, they are considered even by Spiritualists to have been a trick.—*Boston Investigator*.

Certain Spiritualists may have considered the paraffine molds "a trick," but we know to the contrary, as we have had evidence of the genuineness of the molds of spirit hands in the presence of those very parties who disbelieved in the reality after having had the fact demonstrated before their very eyes. And why? Because they were, for reasons, personally antagonistic to the medium in whose presence these molds were produced. We have several specimens in our office at the present time, which we should be most happy to show "R. T.," and answer all questions appertaining thereto should he feel disposed to call upon us.—*Banner of Light*.

A BRIGHT little girl, not long since, was urging her mother to go up-stairs and hear her say her prayers before retiring. Her mother, not finding it convenient, told her that Jesus could hear them just as well. "But, mother," replied the little doubter, "Jesus can't turn off the gas."

"The Christian At Work."

[Boston Investigator.]

There is a very religious paper, with the above title, printed in New York. Its pious editors call it "the model religious and family newspaper;" and as we don't like to be as vindictive as Christians, who generally condemn by wholesale every infidel sentiment, we will say that we occasionally find in the *Christian at Work* (as it has the courtesy to exchange with us) some tolerably good reading, all things considered. But we should think better of its Christian editors, if, while they are at work, they could try to work considerably nearer the truth when they allude to infidelity. For instance: in their paper of March 11th, in an article headed "By their Fruits," we read the following among other misrepresentations, or prevarications, showing a great deficiency of Christian candor, or a glaring sufficiency of Christian ignorance:—

"Can infidelity point to any noble and beneficent academies which it has induced selfish men to give their means unselfishly to establish? Does infidelity build colleges, or found schools for the mutes, or plant asylums for the blind and insane, or open orphan houses and homes for the aged? By their fruits, said our Lord, ye shall know them. Judged by this standard, which is it better for mankind to welcome and cultivate—Christianity or Infidelity?"

It would be uncandid in us to deny that some Christians have not favored these good objects. We cheerfully admit that they have. But the editors of the *Christian at Work* are such bigoted people that they are unwilling to concede the fact that infidels have ever done any good at all, and yet mankind never had superior benefactors.

Stephen Girard gave several millions to found an orphan college; Peter B. Brigham of this city gave three millions to build a free hospital for the sick poor; James Lick gave millions for science; John Redman gave half a million to the Massachusetts General Hospital to provide free beds for poor patients; Robert Owen gave half a million to help a settlement of workmen; William Maclure gave the same amount for the same purpose; Mrs. Jacobs (a sister of Mr. Brigham) founded a free academy in Vermont; and one of the most benevolent and philanthropic gentlemen we know of, is Phothius Fisk of Boston.

Here are personal contributions for humanity, amounting in the aggregate to ten or twelve millions of dollars, and the whole of this large sum was given by infidels or Freethinkers. Can the *Christian at Work* give us the names of eight Christians, who have done more, or as much, for humanity? If it can, please tell us who they are, that we may help give them the credit which they deserve.

Mental Loafing.

It is considered a disgrace to be lazy. He who is too indolent to work for his own living becomes a by-word and reproach. But there is a very common form of laziness which is not always noticed. It is that of the mind. We first become conscious of it in our young days, when we "don't feel like study." We dawdle over the book with our thoughts half asleep, and, as a result, give a fine exhibition of stupidity in the recitation room. It is true that disinclination to study sometimes grows out of fatigue and illness. The liver is responsible for much of it; but in the majority of cases it is pure laziness; as young people will discover if they will shake themselves up and go resolutely to work.

This sort of indolence in youth is very dangerous, for it becomes a habit, and the mind grows rusty and dull in the very prime of life, when it should be at its best. And on the heels of this form of laziness comes another bad habit, that of intellectual loafing. What loafing is in the common sense, we all know. It is hanging about with no definite aim or purpose, idling away the time without method and profit. Well, there is mental loafing as well, and it is known in the dictionary as reverie. It is a dreamy state of the mind, when the thoughts go wool-gathering. The fancy sails away into fantastic seas, and revels in unreal things till the wits are fairly benumbed and unfitted for sober work.

This habit, so common to young people, is fatal to mental growth. Many a promising youth is ruined by over-indulgence in it. It wastes time and enfeebles the mental powers. It is really a form of laziness, and it should be sternly corrected at the very outset. The action of the mind should be kept under control. When the thoughts begin to wander it is time to whip them into order. A resolute will will do it.

A CURIOUS phenomenon has just been brought to light by the removal of a lightning-rod. To the end of the rod, which had been imbedded in ferruginous earth for about fifteen years, was found attached a lump of iron ore, weighing ninety-six pounds, supposed to have been aggregated by the action of electricity from the surrounding earth.

The largest barn in the world is probably that of the Union Cattle Company of Cheyenne, near Omaha. It covers five acres, cost \$125,000, and accommodates 3750 oads of cattle.

(Continued from First Page.)

sion, not by bloodshed, not by those who rise up to fight against their wrongs, but by the consciousness of the enormity of what they have done, by those whom they have tyrannized over teaching them the lesson of their tyranny. We believe the time is coming when the individual even will not say my greatest or my highest right is freedom, when justice will not be the everlasting cry ringing in your ear. When there is no other cry justice is the highest, but what has there been in christian lands for two thousand years that men should be crying out justice and freedom when they ought to be crying out love? What have you been doing in your daily lives; what has been the matter with that which you call worship and praying? Spiritualism has come to remind you of what you have not done; has come to show you what you might have done; has come to confront the tyranny in your own nature with you, and make you, individual tyrants that you are, every one of you, flee from the summoning power of your own moral nature. Subjects that have been in chains, slaves that have been held in bondage in the desert of individual lives, Spiritualism has come to set you free. Instead of fleeing from some imaginary tyrant at your door or in the land, in the light of this truth the tyrant flies and you are free. Taking this lesson home to your individual and collective lives, what could the power of the king do now if he was in your presence, or what could any tyrant do in the midst of subjects that cannot be enslaved, those who know not the name of tyrant? Taking it all in all, what, then, is to be the lesson? Spiritualism looks on and says: Yes, this conflict must go on over there, and another must go on here, another must be waged at your very door, but you have no part in these if you are free from that which is within you that alone can enslave. Then all slavery of law, of custom, of formality, of worship, of kings and of rulers, can not avail, and if you are summoned to strike for your lives, you will say: Oh, no, my life is too valuable to soil my hands with the blood of the meanest miscreant; the life that is within me is not capable of being slain—strike not! and the whole moral force is such that when this is really and truly believed, when any number of people feel it, no king, no army, no million of soldiers could strike down the life that is thus defended! But if they could and the outward form is destroyed, it only sets the spirit free to join the innumerable number of those who are fighting the battle of moral life (and who have won it through martyrdom) in the cause of life eternal; saints, the risen ones of earth, those angels who ever ward off danger, who at the very gateway of human life summon you to those higher and diviner standards, and make you know that beyond justice and beyond liberty is the triumph of individual life that must needs set all its house in order, but that will not allow of any false conceptions of individual freedom that will enable you to encroach one jot or tittle upon man's right, even though it is a right of which he is unaware. You would not, we take it, because a man is asleep, rob him of his money, therefore, or of what is the same thing; nor would you, we trust, if he was entirely in your power, defraud him in order to enrich yourself. You would not do this, neither would you for any portion of what you value as your individual privilege, do that which in a higher and diviner sense could make you worse than a slave.

Spiritualism summons all who are amenable to its voices to this higher standard, summons all who are within the sound of the communion and ministration of those loftier and diviner impulses, and says that life is so all-inclusive, and the power of its moral influence so all-dominant that it is the hope of the world; though the world depart from it, still must they be called back to it. Martyrs, saints, and Christs have called all people back again and again. The Messiahs come to the world to lead humanity forever to this height from which humanity forever departs, yet the height must still be there. Those who have a glimmering of its voice, those who perceive its beauty, those who discover its excellence, must not fail in forever keeping their faces toward it. But you say that "The altitude is so high we can not hope to win it. What shall we do for to-day?" Aim for that high altitude still. "But if we fall short, as we ever must?" Still aim for it, there is no other. You aim at a lower mark, and you always fall short of it. Aim at the highest, and still you can only fall short, having the consciousness of aiming at the best. The world says, "But we can never live the golden rule." But you can always try. "But," the world says, "we must seek first to alleviate human conditions and human suffering, by insisting upon these lesser things?" No, insist upon the greater always and the smaller will surely follow. Insist upon love and there can be no injustice. There is injustice even when you insist upon justice. There can be no more injustice when you insist upon love. Insist upon liberty and there will still be violations of liberty. Insist upon love, and all those who fall short of liberty and all those who fall short of justice will know that if this larger truth and diviner light is presented, that it will somehow force them to do the thing that they now deem impossible. The magnitude of a truth is not appalling. It is only the pigmy truth that is difficult. The magnitude of the love of God, the love of man, is plain; there is no power or liby-

rinth to evade them. Set up a small standard, and people say, "Oh, that is not worth our while," but set up a standard that is all-inclusive, and so aim so high that it can not be disputed or denied, and then the petty pigmy of scorn and hatred of to-day will be compelled to be a part of that which is included; they will scoff no more. Do not distrust the ultimate and highest, only distrust the subterfuge and blindness of to-day that make men adhere to some little equivocation or falsehood rather than say we will have nothing but the best. Never content yourselves with anything less. Let those who will delude themselves into the idea that you must first have daily bread and then righteousness. We say there are thousands of people who will starve on the theory of daily bread first, where none would starve if the righteousness were insisted upon first. We say that those who teach that these lessons are impracticable teach them because they wish them to be impracticable. From the standpoint of selfishness it is impracticable; from the standpoint of the lower life it is impossible; from any standpoint of human government or human society thus far established it is impossible. Benevolent societies can never feed all the poor, nor clothe all who are without clothing, because human selfishness is still here. Make your standard so high that it is impossible to have selfishness, and you can dispense with your orphan asylums and your places of worship, and then it must pervade all the ramifications of human life, must be the standard and the glory of that light which has come to you, and you will agree with us, whatever you do in your closet or daily existence, that Spiritualism is the winning pinion of this hour, separating the sophism in your lives from the pure grain of the spirit, and telling you where to plant upon the topmost height that grain for the bread of life for the feeding of the hungry, where to grow the fleece for weaving raiment for those who have no clothing, thus setting the house of your lives in order, so that when this bloodshed and ruin and carnage is over there will be hundreds of lives who will say, now come and be healed.

Prof. Barrett on "Thought Reading."

(Medium and Daybreak.)

A few weeks ago we received a paper containing a long report of a lecture on "Thought Reading," given at Norwich by Professor Barrett, as a representative of the Psychical Research Society. The matters of fact, based on the public performances of conjurors, but corroborated in some respects by experiments in private life, are not so important as the matters of fiction, to which the lecturer treated his audience. His allusion to Spiritualism was like the act of the ostrich, which hides its head in the sand, and declares the invisibility of its surroundings. He is reported to have said table-turning has been explained by unconscious muscular action. This baseless theory has been exploded so frequently, and so long ago, that its re-appearance reminds us of Rip Van Winkle. We have before us the lecture given by Mr. Newton Crossland, at Deptford Literary Institution, just thirty years ago, in which the fallacy embalmed in the Professor's mental catacomb is most successfully dissipated.

We infer from this allusion of their representative, that the Psychical Research Society ignore such phenomena as we present in this issue. If not, then we would recommend them to keep rather a tight rein on the Rosinante of their representative. In the lecturer's allusions to the mode of conducting "thought-reading" experiments he seems to be in entire ignorance of what has been arrived at by past research. This is quite opposed to scientific method. Before entering on new ground, or professing to do so, the scientific man carefully reviews what has been already done, and then sees that he is well informed before he ventures on suggestions. This we regret Professor Barrett does not attend to, but begins straightway with nursery-room experiments and suitable speculations, as if men of maturity and experience had never given the matter their attention. A glance at the statement of Mrs. Jenyns, as to the willing powers of the late Mr. Thompson, indicates how well the problem has been worked out in the past.

It is not "thought reading" at all which the Professor dilates on, but the production of "mental impressions," the doctrine of which is elaborately stated by Dr. J. Bovee Dods in his celebrated work on "Electrical Psychology." As to taking the hand of the investigator or placing it on the pin-finder's forehead, these are forms of manipulation that have been long in use by mesmerists. One of Dr. Dods' mesmeric "secrets" is the grip of the "median nerve," by which the control of the nervous system may be readily attained. Having produced the general subjection of the patient, the hand to the forehead causes him to forget his own name, or believe that he has any other name, as desired by the operator.

We would be glad if some friend would present Prof. Barrett with a few publications, the perusal of which might guide him in his public utterances.

Our science has much to overcome, and it is harassing to find those, who set themselves up as teachers, placing further obstacles in the way of truth.

The True Heroes of the World.

(Written for the Golden Gate.)

Those who stand before the cannon's mouth, and fearlessly brave death upon the battlefields of the world, are not the true warriors, although their names may be written in immortal characters upon humanity's roll of honor. Those who have been stationed at the shrine of truth, and have fought and died in its defense, are the bravest of the brave, and although the world may forget them, and no monuments show forth their deeds in brilliant light, and no historical pen record their victories in poetry and song, they are remembered in the worlds immortal, and have been rewarded by hearing the "Well done, good and faithful servants" from the Infinite, when knoweth all things, and counts even the birds of the air, that he may mark where even one of them falleth. The nineteenth century hath produced more real heroes than any other period in the world's history. Brave and true men have fallen in battle upon bloody battlefields; they have fallen in defence of national honor; they have fallen in political battle, where great minds have met and clashed in the bitter warfare of party strife; they have fallen on sea and land, and in the bloody contest for liberty and equal rights, till the hills and valleys of all nations are covered with monuments, set up in honor of slain heroes, humanity's honored dead; but who hath counted the millions who have fallen in the religious conflicts of the ages? Who have recorded the names and deeds of the heroes who have perished in defense of truth? The recording angel alone knoweth who they are, and where and when they passed from the earth. Have they finished their work, and is the religious warfare ended, and does the banner of peace float in triumph over a world of liberty and free thought? We answer, no. The conflict has only just commenced, and the two grand armies of right and wrong will soon come together with a mighty crash, and all nations of the earth will feel the shock, for the vibrations of the contending parties and principles will be felt wherever the sound of human feet have been heard; there can be no victory for either side, as long as evil, want and woe follow the marching warriors to feed upon the fallen. We have watched the tide of battle ebb and flow, while infidelity stalks rampant through the land and general indifference to all religious matters seems to be the characteristic traits of the age. The fierce battle of error against truth, is as hot now as it was centuries ago, or at that period immediately following what has been called the Reformation; a fatal lethargy seems to have fallen upon the minds of the people. Honest truth does not satisfy, they crave excitement in religious belief. The religion of the fathers no longer satisfies them, the creeds of the early churches seem to them only empty phantoms. They seem to be walking in dreams. They see the new day, but as yet have got but a momentary impression of its beauty. They are lost to the great progressive movements of the day. Gold and silver seem to have more attractive and absorbing interests than all the immortal riches connected with the "house of many mansions."

This is indeed a wonderful age. No period of the world has ever equaled the present in its triumph of genius over matter, and the ten thousand inventions and discoveries that will cause other revelations to flash upon the world, will tend to enlighten humanity, and it is hoped, lift them upon a still higher plane of existence. The divine power is not exclusive in its operations on the souls of men. The great ones of earth can not get any nearer to the Infinite, than the most humble among us. Every individual has the same right and privilege to read and get the real truth from the historical records of the Bible, and the rich man can not gain a more soul-cheering hope from the interpretations of the Scriptures, than he who prays earnestly for his daily bread. There is but one royal way to knowledge, either upon science or religion, and that is intelligent thought. Only one broad highway to mental development, and that highway is common sense. Therefore let us use it more and get rid of this idea of caste and exclusiveness, and try and lift humanity up to a broader and higher plane of existence. Let us each remember that in doing so, we are not only helping those who are our equals, possibly our superiors, with a change in circumstances. When we do this we begin to love our neighbor as ourself. Toleration will find a place in the human heart when the soul is filled with love. When we understand more of the God-principle, there will be no violence or persecution in religious feeling. But every intelligent, honest reasoner, will be left to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. Man will clasp hands with his fellow-man, though they are not of one faith, they will march along together to their immortal destiny, each one will walk by his or her own light, knowing that the light was created by the Infinite, to illuminate each individual soul. One supreme power is found in nature, and natural law governs all created things. Then why should mankind look upon divine law from different standpoints, and contend in thought and theory upon the will or ways of Deity? Why not accept what is

and hope for what will be? Thought begets wisdom. Let all intelligent minds reason for themselves, and be guided by the revelations they get through their own inner-consciousness. Remember that immortality is true, and the highway by which the soul reaches its immortal destiny is broad and clear, and the only obstacles in the way have been toll-gates, created by man, and not by God or his ministering angles. S. N. ASPINWALL.

The Sunday Question.

The Rev. Heber Newton, of the Episcopal church, of New York, writes thus sensibly:

"In our own city every effort rationally to use Sunday for the physical and mental improvement of the people, is met with the sincere and earnest but none the less superstitious opposition which like efforts would have met with from the scribes and Pharisees in the age of Jesus. When it is proposed to open our libraries or our museums on Sunday, the churches which bear the name of the saintly Sabbath-breaker of Judea, interpose on behalf of that Jesus to perpetuate the very superstition which he lost his life in combating. There is still need for those who discern the significance of his example, and who believe in the principle which he enunciated, to lift up a calm and an earnest protest in his name against this lingering superstition.

"It stands in the way of the physical progress of man. There are hosts of our fellows to whom it is the one chance for an outing into the fresh air—the one chance to build up their bodies toward the measure of a perfect manhood. The superstition of the Sabbath stands in the way of the intellectual progress of mankind. We have a number of libraries in this city. How many of them are opened on Sunday? It is the religious sentiment of this city which turns the key of their doors in the name of Jesus Christ. Our young men and women may not become saints by frequenting libraries, but will they not be more likely to grow into noble manhood and womanhood as they learn to think and read, and thus climb from the life of intellectual being?"

"The superstition of the Sabbath stands in the way of the religious progress of man. This superstition of the Sabbath very largely aids in continuing the undue emphasis which ecclesiasticism has always laid upon secondary elements of religion. This superstition of the Sabbath, now as of old, endangers religion by caricaturing God, and by drawing above the life of his children the dark clouds from which men shrink back into the sunshine of life. What sort of a God is he whose inalienable prerogatives can be encroached upon by a walk in the fields upon Sunday?"

Colonel Ingersoll's Leaning Towards the Fair Sex.

Several years ago, when Col. Ingersoll was in the prime of his law practice, at Peoria, (Ill.) the Colonel happened to have as a client a young man and a buxom widow over in Washington, Tazewell county. The opposing counsel was Jonathan K. Cooper, as staunch Presbyterian as he was an able lawyer. At the close of the evidence, Mr. Cooper arose and made a splendid argument on his side of the case, closing by saying that his legal opponent was prejudiced when it came to defending beautiful women.

"Why," said Mr. Cooper, "when Col. Ingersoll gets a chance to work in a law case for a handsome woman he forgets all law, all logic, and everything except her attractions, and you, gentlemen of the jury, have no doubt had evidence of the truth of all this during the progress of the present trial."

After the venerable Presbyterian closed, Col. Ingersoll arose, with a twinkle in his eye, and slowly and solemnly commenced as follows:—

"Gentlemen of the jury, the counsel on the other side is correct. I do have a leaning in the direction of beautiful women. I love the fireside about which play dear children, presided over by a smiling, beautiful mother. I tell you what it is, gentlemen of the jury, I would rather—much rather if I had my choice—be in hell fifteen minutes, sitting on a hard wooden bench beside a woman as beautiful as Cleopatra, than to reside in heaven singing psalms with J. K. Cooper."

The jury, court, lawyers, and spectators roared with laughter, in which Mr. Cooper was forced to join, and Col. Ingersoll and his beautiful client came out ahead.

DURING the absence of Mrs. Yerger, the cooking of Matilda Snowball had not been giving entire satisfaction. Colonel Yerger said to the cook:

"Look here, Matilda, this kind of cooking just simply ain't going to do."

"What's dat you say?"

"I say your cooking ain't worth a continental. I don't propose to pay you \$15 a month to burn up my victuals."

"And I want to tell you sumfin'. Yer mustn't talk ter dis culled lady in dat tone ob voice. I want yer ter understand dat yer mustn't talk ter me as if yer was talkin' ter yer wife."—*Texas Siftings.*

A Russian convict is reported to have survived the infliction of 2000 lashes. As high as 4000 lashes is said to have been imposed in some cases, but the victims succumbed to the punishment.

A Club of Spiritualists.

(The New York Beacon Light.)

The *New York World* of last Sunday contained a lengthy article concerning Spiritualism in Philadelphia. After referring to Henry Seybert's bequest of \$60,000 to the University of Pennsylvania, on condition that that institution would cause a thorough investigation of Spiritualism to be made, our contemporary goes on to speak of the prominent and wealthy Spiritualists of the town. It mentions Col. S. P. Case as a millionaire who keeps two mediums in his private employ, and continuing, says:

"Mr. William York, of Spruce street, near Twelfth, was a friend of Henry Seybert, and is a prominent exponent of the principles to the development of which Seybert gave his \$60,000 fund. Dr. Hare, a brother of Judge Hare, who is now on the Common Pleas Bench, is also a devoted Spiritualist, as is Lloyd P. Smith, the Librarian of the Philadelphia Library, one of the best informed men in town, and an author of no mean repute. Many of these names are found in the 'Blue Book,' by which the selected circles live, move and have their being. * *

Almost as prominent in spiritual circles is Zopher C. Howell, the well-known wall paper manufacturer. Not far behind them is Jonathan Roberts, the stove manufacturer, of Burlington, N. J., who publishes *Mind and Matter*, at Seventh and Sanson streets.

Within sound of the State House bell—which the same Henry Seybert presented to the city, and which now hangs in Independence Hall, in a handsome block of what appears to be unostentatious but elegant private houses—is the building now for the first time known as the Spiritualist Club House, near Broad and Mound streets. Handsome carriages have been seen to drive up to the door with a greater variety of visitors than might be thought natural for a private house. But no disorder nor sound of gaiety has ever given evidence, according to the neighbors, that the rites and amusements of the mediums and their "spirit controls" were going on inside. A Mrs. N—, whose family is one of the oldest on the banks of the Schuylkill, and whose name, could it be used without a breach of confidence, would carry weight with it, has made this statement:

"Until my husband's death some years ago I knew or cared nothing about Spiritualism. After he had been dead three or four weeks, my little girl, who was precocious, several times woke me up at night and said she had seen her father turning down the gas. I was at first amused and then very much annoyed. I spoke of it to my friends, and a Mrs. Terry, of whom I had heard a good deal as a prominent Spiritualist, offered to teach me something about Spiritualism and to take me to the Spiritualist Club. I discovered very shortly what I had never known before, that many of my friends were more or less believers in Spiritualism. But they had never been to a medium, nor did I go, believing as I did and do that most of the professional mediums are frauds. I had never suspected the existence of this clubhouse, though long familiar with that neighborhood. There I have since met many of the prominent Philadelphia Spiritualists.

"The lower floor of the club-house is a drawing room and above are reception rooms, music rooms and seance chambers. I am now convinced that my little girl is a clairvoyant medium of peculiar abilities."

There are in daily employment here mediums of all kinds. P. C. Thompson, the spice importer, has in his house a regularly employed medium whom he always consults before making an investment. A prominent lawyer is said to have a type-writer who is a clairvoyant and foretells the verdicts of juries in his case.

The *World* concludes its article with the frightened expression, "Spiritualism in Philadelphia is a startlingly important feature of public and private life."

It is with deep regret and no little quaking of heart that I put on record the fact that the very neatest and most epigrammatic summary of the situation that has come to my ears originated with an optimistic son of Confucius, who is—I beg the employer's pardon, was—an intelligent and trusted servitor in the employ of a well-known distiller and sugar-refiner of San Francisco. On receiving his discharge, the gentleman from Mongolia remarked, smiling affably on the rather apologetic "boss": "You Melican send away Chinaman; all right! He go back to China. Bimeby when Ilishman send Melicans all away—where you go,—"*Francisca*" in *San Francisco*.

A little girl, very much excited, rushed into the parlor, which was full of company, and exclaimed:

"Mamma, just think of it."

"Think of what, darling?"

"Our cat has a whole lot of twins, and I didn't even know she was married."—*Texas Siftings.*

"WHY don't you marry?" "Well, you see, I am very particular how my intended should be." "Explain yourself."

"My wife must be rich, handsome, and stupid." "Why all that?" "Very simple. She must be rich and handsome, otherwise I would not have her; and she must be stupid, otherwise she would not have me."

GOLDEN GATE.

Published every Saturday by the "GOLDEN GATE PRINTING AND PUBLISHING COMPANY," at

734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

J. J. OWEN, Editor and Manager.
MRS. MATTIE P. OWEN, Assistant.
R. B. HALL, General Agent.

TERMS:—\$2.00 per annum, payable in advance; \$1.00 for six months. (Cable of five cent to separate addresses) \$1.00, and extra copy to the reader. Send money by postal order, when possible; otherwise by express.

All letters should be addressed: "GOLDEN GATE," No. 734 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, Cal.

SATURDAY, APRIL 3, 1886.

ONE AND THE SAME.

Pure Spiritualism and Primitive Christianity are so near of kin that they may well be regarded as one and the same. The former taught a religion of humanity, of brotherly love, and the uplifting of the spiritual nature of man. It taught the religion of the Golden Rule, and the practice of the largest charity in dealing with all sinful, undeveloped souls. Spiritualism emphasizes these same teachings, in the broader and better light of a far more enlightened age.

Primitive Christianity recognized an open doorway between the physical and spiritual worlds. It taught the "communion of saints," or intercourse between spiritual beings and mortals. It practiced spiritual or magnetic healing. It understood something of the laws of mediumship, the various phases of which it designated as "spiritual gifts," whereof, said St. Paul to his brethren, "I would not have you ignorant." For to one, "continues Paul, "is given by the spirit the word of wisdom . . . to another the gifts of healing . . . to another the working of miracles, to another prophecy, to another discernment of spirits [that is, clairvoyance]; to another divers kinds of tongues [that is, the entrancement by controls speaking various languages]; to another the interpretation of tongues," etc. Spiritualism embraces all of these points and more. And indeed greater things than these were promised by the great medium, Jesus, to his followers.

Now it is well known that modern Christianity recognizes none, or but very few of these "gifts." Only imagine Dr. Barrows, or Dr. Sprecker, healing the sick by the laying on of hands, or "discerning spirits," and naming them from their pulpits as do our platform test mediums! "These signs shall follow them that believe: in my name shall they cast out devils; they shall speak with new tongues; they shall take up serpents; and if they drink any deadly thing it shall not hurt them; they shall lay hands on the sick and they shall recover." We wonder if Dr. Munhall, the evangelist, would be willing to try the genuineness of his belief by any of these tests!

Spiritualists do not claim that they are able yet to survive the effects of deadly poisons taken into the system; but in the higher unfoldments of the spiritual nature we believe the time will come when the spirit in man shall so dominate the physical that "death, hell and the grave" shall be put under his feet. No one can wisely say that these things are not possible.

WEDDING BELLS.—On Tuesday last, Mr. Harr Wagner, the talented young editor and proprietor of the *Golden Era*, was joined in marriage with Madge Morris, the gifted writer of prose and verse. Those of our readers not otherwise familiar with her writings will remember her as the author of a remarkable poem bearing the name of, and written expressly for, the *GOLDEN GATE*, and which appeared in our first number. She was the winner, among a large number of competitors, of the prize offered, some months ago, by the *GOLDEN ERA*, for the best poem on "Sutro Heights." She has published a volume of her best poems, which has passed into a second edition, and has been a valuable contributor to the leading newspapers and magazines of the State. Her first contributions to the press appeared, some seven years ago, in the *San Jose Mercury*, of which paper the writer was then editor. We recognized her talents, and encouraged her in following the line of work for which she seemed so eminently adapted. We congratulate both the contracting parties to this union on their good taste, and hope and trust that they may find in this union of soul and congenial work, such a measure of happiness as will make them in no hurry to emigrate to, and walk the golden streets of the New Jerusalem.

BIRTHDAY SURPRISE.—A number of the personal friends of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Robinson assembled at the residence of the latter, on Seventeenth street, last Monday evening, to commemorate the seventy-third birthday of that embodiment of goodness, the senior member of the matrimonial firm, Mr. Robinson. It was a wholly impromptu affair, and yet one to be remembered for its genial interchange of spiritual and social amenities. Congratulatory remarks were made by Mrs. E. L. Watson, Mrs. Mathews, Mrs. McKinley, Mrs. Wiggins, Mr. Irwin, Mr. Coleman and others. Among the guests present were Col. and Mrs. Bundy, of Chicago. Seventy-three birthdays would indicate old age with most persons, but it does nothing of the sort with our noble friend. He lives in perpetual youth, in the eternal Springtime of a spiritual manhood at once beautiful and grand. May the angels spare him yet for many years.

DOGMATIC OPINIONS.

Of all people in the world, Spiritualists ought to be liberal and magnanimous in the expression of opinions on all subjects, and especially those relating to spiritual gifts, or mediumship, upon which there is a bare possibility that they may not have arrived at ultimate truth. In no line of thought or opinion is this advice seemingly more needed than in the treatment of our mediums.

The skeptical searcher after psychic phenomena, either of a physical or spiritual character, may, in his ignorance of the laws governing in this mystic realm, be excused from doubting the genuineness of the medium who deceives him in the nature of what purports to be communications from, or physical evidences of the existence of his spirit friends. The very best of mediums sometimes utterly fail in this respect, and this failure may be due to many causes, not the least of which, often, is the impervious or repellent nature of the aura of the investigator. But Spiritualists ought to understand better the nice conditions of mediumship, and never condemn any medium because of such occasional failures in their own experience.

We have heard many a medium accused of practicing deception, through whose mediumship other persons have obtained the most positive evidence of spirit return. One person, for instance, may go to some medium for independent slate-writing, and obtain but a few words, and those of but little import, and written under conditions to excite suspicion of deception; while another person may go to the same medium, with his slates securely locked in advance, and obtain both slates written full, under the most satisfying conditions, and containing messages fairly bristling with the most astonishing evidence of spirit power. And again, some person may go to a trance and test medium, even the very best, and receive not a single name that he recognizes, not a message of the least significance to him of the evidence sought for. Indeed, he will occasionally receive messages, purporting to come from the spirits, of the most absurd and false character. While to some other person the same medium will give name after name of spirit friends, with proof upon proof of the most convincing character. We doubt if there is any medium of which this is not true.

Such experiences are familiar to all intelligent Spiritualists; hence, they should be exceedingly cautious in their condemnation of any medium. Where they have had no proof, they should remember that others may have had better success, and leave the question in their own minds open for further evidence.

We can not be too considerate in this matter. Mediumship is a most delicate thing; it is susceptible to laws and conditions that the untrained, positive nature can but little comprehend. The best results follow the greatest passivity of body and mind on the part of the investigator. A child-like trust and confidence in the medium is also an important factor in the strength and reliability of the manifestations.

There is so much to be learned on this subject—so much necessity for charity of opinion,—that Spiritualists, surely, can not afford to be dogmatic in their denial of the genuineness of mediumistic gifts, wherein their own individual experience has been unsatisfactory. They can not afford to denounce any medium as a fraud—in fact they are liable to commit a serious wrong in so doing—unless they have the most positive and conclusive evidence of the fact. And especially should no medium venture to express unfriendly opinions of any other medium, or speak disparagingly of their mediumistic gifts. There are imperfections enough in all, the angels well know,—and necessity enough for the exercise of the ever blessed virtue of charity toward all. The more generous to the faults of mediums, and of all who are not mediums, we become, while at the same time, in the exercise of the broadest spirit of brotherly love, we seek each other's truest welfare and greatest good, the more perfect will be our communication with the spirit world.

SOME DIFFERENCE.

There was some difference in the press notices of our recent anniversary meetings and those which they were wont to give us, on similar occasions, a few years ago. Then the press was accustomed to speak of us as "long-haired men and short-haired women," assembled to commemorate the existence of a humbug, or something of that sort. Now there is not a daily paper in the city that does not speak as respectfully of Spiritualism as it would of Presbyterianism or Methodism.

This is a grand victory gained—the victory of respectful recognition. It takes a good deal of moral stamina to champion an unpopular cause—to face ridicule and stand up for a principle, when to do so means social ostracism. Spiritualists have had to endure the sneers of smart ignoramuses, and the pious pity of an autocratic and crystallized theology for many years; and it is not at all surprising that they should occasionally be disposed to counter in kind.

Therefore, it is indeed gratifying to know that this barrier to the advancement of our truths has at last melted away, and that now the most timid believer can hold up his head among his fellows,

actually glad, as many are, to be known and recognized as Spiritualists. Our large and intelligent societies, our cultured and truly inspired speakers, and our dignified and neatly-printed Spiritual papers, have all contributed to this end.

There are thousands of Spiritualists in this city who have never identified themselves with the cause, but who no doubt will do so in good time. Our cause is on trial before the world. It stands every avowed believer in our facts and philosophy in hand to illustrate in his own individual life and daily conduct, the beauty of the teachings of Spiritualism. Example is the greatest monitor in this matter. That is what has won thousands into the fold of Christianity. Once let it be said of Spiritualists, See how honorable they are, how charitable and kindly disposed, and above all how they love one another, and the temples and halls could not be erected fast enough to accommodate the multitudes of good people who would flock to our standard.

"WOMAN'S MANIFEST DESTINY AND DIVINE MISSION."

The above title is given a pamphlet written by Mrs. Elizabeth Hughes, of this city, and contains four remarkable essays: 1st, "Woman Before Christ;" 2d, "Woman After Christ;" 3d, "Woman in the Transitional Period;" 4th, "The New Dispensation."

She traces the condition of woman from the traditions of the Edenic race to the present time. She says: "Woman, during the time before 'Christ, was sometimes a drudge, sometimes an article of sale and barter, sometimes a priestess 'or prophetess, sometimes the syren of an orgie."

But after Christ "the feeling toward woman 'was such as it had never been before; woman 'began to free herself from the coils of the old 'serpent of sense and sensuality." Her painting of the touching story of the love of Eloise, is an old picture hung in a new frame of poetic rhetoric. "This was a love experience which no 'woman before Christ could ever have possessed. 'It was a revelation of the divine matchhood."

She dwells on the noble soul of Joan d' Arc and "that suffering, yet joyful life" of Françoise Guyon; "a bird singing its sweetest songs behind prison bars."

Then comes what Mrs. Hughes terms the transitional period of which she writes: "This 'is a period of strange and eventful lives, of 'wonderful illuminations, of singular splendors, 'like our crimson sunsets with their glows and 'after glows of changeable colors. . . ."

"Women are pressing forward in many departments of industry, showing the way in which 'we may work and provide for the imminent 'future—in silk culture, horticulture, and even 'agriculture. Thrice blessed are they who are 'seeking to rekindle the light of home in all the 'various departments of woman's work. A true 'woman does not love the heartless crowding of 'the factory. She is willing to work if she can 'only have a home, and homes are the price of 'industry. The two great women writers of 'France and England, who, strangely enough, in 'their published works appear under the names of 'George Sand and George Eliot, were women of 'the period, passionate, fervid and suffering."

"Modern Spiritualism," she says, "has called forth a majority of women into its ranks as its exponents." Mrs. Hughes claims that all this is but the forerunner of what is yet to come for the uplifting of woman,—hence the uplifting of all mankind. She says: "The woman question is a 'question of development, not of self-assertion, 'and she is developing more and more into the 'ideal of divine womanhood as the divine woman- 'hood is manifested through her. . . ."

"There is a spiritual law to which all things, 'whether in heaven or on earth, must yield obedience. The changes and new conditions 'which are approaching are the effects of this 'divine law. . . . A few isolated lives of 'men and women have given us a foretaste of the 'sweetness and grandeur of these times. They 'have been like hot-house blooms in winter, but 'in the springtime of the New Dispensation, 'meadow and hillside shall be one carpet of blossoms."

And we can almost hear the footfalls of the approach of what Mrs. Hughes calls the "New Dispensation," as we catch the spirit of the writer of her last and most interesting essay of the four. We are indeed near it when "man can realize 'the blending and co-operation of Wisdom, 'Knowledge, Power and Love in a harmonious 'union of its masculine and feminine expressions 'and earthly embodiments. . . . Raise thy 'head, oh, suffering Humanity, for the time will 'come when these principles will be understood 'and acted upon in the kingdom of peace."

ANNIVERSARY ENTERTAINMENT.—The literary and musical entertainment, closing with a dance, given under the auspices of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, at Scottish Hall, 105 Larkin street, Tuesday evening, March 30th, was a signal success, as to efficiency of talent, and enjoyment of spectators and friends. The first, or literary part, lasted until 9:30 P. M., at which hour the floor was cleared and dancing was participated in by some seventy-five couples of young people, (and it is strange how many years some people live before they are called old), until 12 M., at which hour all retired with a feeling they had not only had an enjoyable evening with each other, but with many of their spirit friends as well. And so may it ever be.

—The Union Spiritualists, assembling at Caladonia Hall, 111 Larkin street, celebrated the 38th Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism on Wednesday evening last. The exercises opened by the congregation singing, "Nearer My God to Thee," followed by the President, Mr. C. C. Cooleage, with remarks appropriate to the occasion. Then Mrs. E. C. Wms.—Patterson was introduced, who delivered a splendid address that was highly appreciated by the audience. She closed with an original poem. Other speakers followed with good thoughts for Spiritualism and Humanity. S. B. Clark read a copy of a telegram of greeting from Louisville to J. J. Owen from G. W. Kates, and made a few remarks, after which singing by congregation and adjournment.

A NEW MEDIUM.

We have recently, on two or three occasions, referred to some remarkable manifestations in independent slate-writing, given through the newly developed mediumship of a prominent San Jose physician, whose name we were not permitted to give to the public. He was not then, nor is he yet, prepared to give himself wholly to the glorious work for which his guides are fitting him. But we are glad to know that the restriction upon his name is now removed, and that very soon we may expect him to take his place in the front rank of the grand army of psychics who are steadily and irresistibly battling for the truth.

Dr. D. J. Stansbury was first developed as an independent slate-writer about six months ago. He had previously possessed excellent spiritual gifts, being both a trance speaker and an automatic or unconscious writer. But now with this new and more convincing phase, he is encouraged to go ahead, and follow the light, wherever it may lead him. He is a finely organized, cultured gentleman, thoroughly educated and skilled in the medical profession, but it is evident that the spirits have another use for him, although it is not his intention to wholly abandon the practice of medicine. Indeed, we can see no reason why he should do so. His clearer spiritual insight will naturally help him to a better understanding of the healing art. Thus can he become doubly useful to the world.

Dr. Stansbury, who has been stopping in San Francisco the past week, called at this office last Monday, and made an appointment with us to call on the following day and give us an exhibition of his powers. He came as agreed, unattended and without preparation of any kind. He met here Hon. Amos Adams, R. B. Hall, S. B. Clark, Mrs. Mattie P. Owen and the writer. We furnished four of the half-dozen slates used, and Mr. Adams the other two, upon nearly all of which messages were written, and in some instances on both sides. The slates were constantly in sight, or in the hands of some or all of the persons present.

Seating ourselves around a table the messages came quickly, one after another, written between the slates, a dozen or more, giving many familiar names, and some of the most convincing proofs of an unseen occult power we have ever witnessed. Several of the messages were written on slips of paper placed between the slates, along with a small tip of lead pencil.

Nothing could have been fairer or more conclusive. The writing, as described, was simply an absolute fact. It was done in the full light of day, in the presence of five pairs of watchful eyes, and with not the slightest attempt at concealment, some one of the party, in each instance, holding the slates with him. In fact, the Doctor informed us that the writing never comes to him alone, but always in the presence of some other person, whose magnetism seems to be necessary to complete the electric circuit.

We bespeak for this new and remarkable medium a fame that shall yet be world-wide, and second not even to that of Dr. Slade.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—A social axiom worth remembering is put forth by the *New York Journal of Commerce* as follows: "Let it be granted that society can never be regulated by hate."

—Bro. G. W. Kates, Secretary of the Southern Association of Spiritualists, wired us, on Wednesday, from the Louisville Reunion as follows: "The South greets the West, while spirits and mortals are to-day rejoicing."

—The *Banner of Light*, the first and foremost of our Spiritualistic exchanges, has just entered upon its fifty-ninth volume, which means the last half of its thirtieth year. The *Banner* has done, and is doing, a grand work for humanity. Long may it unfold its precious precepts to the world.

—We are indebted to Albert Morton, Esq., artist, 210 Stockton street, for excellent photographic copies, cabinet size, of crayon likenesses of Dr. Gardner, Prof. Denton, Dr. Benjamin Rush, P. B. Randolph and Charles Foster. Thanks, Bro. Morton. Our editorial den is getting to be quite a gallery of art.

—The *Overland Monthly* for April is an exceptionally good number. Among its contributors we notice that clear-headed and scholarly thinker, Hon. A. A. Sargent; the graceful and poetic Charles Warren Stoddard, and other writers of note. Like old wine, or a good woman, *The Overland* improves with age.

—We call attention to the advertisements elsewhere of two of the grandest magazines in America, in their respective lines of work,—*The Century*, brimming over with the best thought of the age, and *St. Nicholas*, a magazine for young people, but always abounding in much that older minds enjoy. We shall take delight, from time to time, in noticing these magazines as they deserve.

—The Board of Directors of the State Meeting Association, at their last meeting, created the office of Chairman and Manager of Camp Meetings, and elected Hon. Amos Adams to that office. Thus the whole responsibility of the management of the approaching camp-meeting is placed in the hands of Mr. Adams, who is admirably fitted for the discharge of that important trust.

—The floral decorations at the Temple, on Sunday last, were unusually fine. The lady having that matter in charge, Mrs. Nowell, fairly outdid all of her former efforts in that line. Hundreds of callas, and a whole garden of roses, violets, camellias, heliotrope, daisies, etc., had evidently been rifled for the occasion. Across the organ front was the word "Welcome," in letters of white and yellow flowers. Two boxes of violets and roses, sent by Mrs. Mary W. DuBois, of San Rafael, although not received until late, helped to add the finishing touches to the elegant floral display.

—Mrs. S. M. Kingsley, of San Luis Obispo, one of the most faithful workers in the Spiritual vineyard, arrived in this city on Thursday. She is accompanied by her mother and aunt. The *GOLDEN GATE* gives them glad welcome.

—That wonderful spirit healer, Mrs. Dr. Beighle, after several months' vacation, is again in the field of active duty. She diagnoses and treats diseases at 319 Turk street. The Doctor carries a health-giving balm in her finger-tips, and especially to all diseases of nerve origin. By placing her hand on the heel of your boot, you can feel the electric currents tingling through every part of the body.

—At the last meeting of the State Board of Silk Culture, the pupils of the Filature, having prepared a chair with exquisite floral decorations, presented the same to Mrs. Washburn for her occupancy during the session of the Board. The presentation was made by Mrs. Spencer, the teacher. It was a very appropriate and beautiful expression of appreciation of the good lady by the young ladies of the school.

—We had not intended to publish the Anniversary Address delivered by the editor of this journal at Metropolitan Temple on Sunday last. But the pressing demands of many friends, including our associates on the Boards of Trustees, of both the "Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society," and the "GOLDEN GATE Printing and Publishing Company," have induced us to change our purpose. Hence it will appear complete in our next issue.

—Missionary work is already booming in Burmah. They have started in with all good intention, and are determined that none of their efforts shall be lost through the influence of rum, the Missionary Conference at Rangoon having taken steps to prevent the introduction of liquor and opium in the land of their labors. In the meantime, twelve thousand rebels are just ready to pounce upon the country. Thus all things conspire to keep the world from stagnating, and we move on.

—The sensitiveness of many women in being called such is likely to undergo a change, as the origin of the term "lady" is looked into. The "ladies" of to-day—that is, those who refuse to be called women—claim the title on the ground of their ignorance of all labor done by the hands. Now, the ancient "lady" meant "bread-server." This will not do for modern times, therefore we expect to hear more of women everywhere in the future. The power of ancient custom will here assert itself for good.

—Mrs. A. D. Wiggins, at 917 1-2 Mission street, gave a reception to Colonel and Mrs. John A. Bundy, on Tuesday evening last. At an early hour her elegant parlors were thronged with the friends and admirers of our distinguished visitors. After a season of general greetings and sociability, short speeches of congratulation were made by a number of the guests present. Col. Bundy replied in a happy vein. Mrs. Wiggins proved herself a charming hostess, and the evening was one of rare enjoyment.

—We are pleased to refer to the advertisement of O'Hanion & Dagenais, clothiers, in another column. Theirs is one of the best stocked clothing houses in San Francisco. They also deal in gents' furnishing goods of all kinds, hats, etc. We knew the proprietors for many years, when they were engaged in the same business in San Jose, and we know their high social worth and business reliability. Strangers visiting the city, and desiring anything in their line, should cut out their advertisement and paste it in their hats.

—Last Sunday, the children of the Progressive Lyceum celebrated the Thirty-eighth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism, with appropriate exercises. After the usual songs and calisthenics the various groups gave their beautiful words of wisdom, interspersed with recitations by Florence Porter and Rae Irvin (two of the Lyceum's wee ones); a piano solo by Miss Vernie Morse; recitations by Miss Winnie Michener and Miss Avis Morris, and a reading by Miss May McCormack. Mr. George Irvin recited a short original poem, and Mrs. Matthews, the beloved conductor, closed the Lyceum with appropriate remarks.

—The Thirty-eighth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was commemorated on Sunday evening, March 28th, by the First Society of Spiritualists of Los Angeles. The hall was beautifully decorated with American flags and with some of the choicest floral productions of that sunny clime. The principal address was an inspirational discourse by Miss Susan Johnson. The President, C. N. Earl, and Thos. A. Gavey made brief impromptu speeches, and W. N. Slocum read a short address on "True Spiritualism." There was a fair attendance, and a very enjoyable time. Mrs. Holman, formerly of San Francisco, one of the committee of arrangements, did much to make the celebration a success.

—NOT GOOD.—The Philadelphia Press sees no good in the Morrison bill. The imported articles that it proposes to add to the free list would not, the *Press* thinks, offset the decrease in workingmen's wages, but take bread from the mouths of millions dependent upon their labor for support. Removing the tariff from the seven articles, coal, lumber, iron, copper, lead, zinc and salt, is to remove protection from industries upon which an aggregate of from one million six hundred thousand to two million persons depend for a livelihood, and for what? asks the *Press*. "To turn over these industries to foreigners, and, in a short time, increase the cost of the produce to consumers as the home industries are pushed to the wall." And does this not look like a correct and clear view of the matter? It looks to outsiders that there is a great deal of political maneuvering these last few years that tends more to favor foreigners than American-born citizens. Protection of home interests should be the theme ever present and uppermost in the minds of our legislators. When they forget this they are out of their place in Congress.

ANNIVERSARY CELEBRATION.

The Thirty Eighth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism was duly celebrated by the several societies of Spiritualists of this city on Sunday last—morning, afternoon and evening. The first services were held at Metropolitan Hall at 11 A. M., under the auspices of the "Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society. After an artistic prelude upon the organ by Prof. Eckman, a charming quartette by the choir and an invocation by Mrs. Watson, George C. Irwin recited the following beautiful and original poem:

Again we meet to celebrate the day
When burst the light upon our darkened way,
And angel faces beaming bright with love,
Into our own looked from the world above.

Familiar eyes are these, and forms we knew
In other days, the good, the tried, the true,
Who battled earnestly with mortal bars
Until their flight to worlds amid the stars.

These are not phantoms, born of fancy wild,
To vanish quickly when by priest reviled;
These are our loved ones who return to bless
And cheer with loving word and fond caress.

No clinging ceremonies damp with earthly mold
Enshroud their forms, but robes of light enfold
As airy as you fleecy clouds that fly
Like winged birds athwart the arching sky.

These are God's messengers of love to earth,
The demonstration of the spirit's birth
To fairer scenes beyond the narrow way,
That like a mantle wraps these forms of clay.

These are the victors from death's battle-field,
To whom the mystic gates hath been unsealed,
And shining like a golden star on high
Is heaven, home, and immortality.

Flashed with this fresh endowment of the soul
They hasten to our side and backward roll
The stone, and lo! in shining raiment stand
These loving messengers from spirit-land.

What tho' the demon-monger cry his wares,
And howl, it is the devil with his snares;
If peace and loving messages he bring,
Let us the devil's praises ever sing.

Let us rejoice that God's almighty love,
Descending into hades like a dove,
Sat on the brow of him who fell from grace
And made of him a minister of peace.

And let us pray that those who now revile,
By word and deed endeavor to defile,
Will don the armor of the living God
And teach this new edition of his word.

The Christ hath come for whom you've prayed so long,
Come forth and greet him with a joyous song;
Rejoice that heaven's gate is open wide,
And backward rolls to earth this human tide.

O, souls that sit in darkness, raise your eyes,
For bending o'er you from the quiet skies
Are angel friends that would your sorrow share,
And comfort you in moments of despair.

Yield not to doubts that cloud the spirit's sight,
But open wide the door, let in the light;
Let aspiration mount to heaven high,
And find for every need a rich supply.

There's not a holy thought that thrills the heart,
Nor aspiration that is not a part
Of nature's plan, to lead us to the light,
Where wisdom waits to yield her treasures bright.

No poet's dream of bliss 'mid Eden bowers,
Or fancies wild in golden, sunny hours,
Surpass the beauties that await each soul
When we pass on and reach that heavenly goal.

Then let each soul in this broad land rejoice,
And welcome to their homes with heart and voice
The dear departed who have shown the way
To home of bliss and immortality.

J. J. Owen then delivered the Anniversary Address, in which the great progress of Spiritualism in the last thirty-eight years was reviewed and commented upon. He predicted a bright future for Spiritualism and the spread of its doctrines over the entire world. Mrs. E. L. Watson followed in her usual happy manner, inviting, at the close of her remarks, Col. John A. Bundy, of the *Religio-Philosophical Journal*, to the rostrum. Col. Bundy came forward amid loud applause. He paid a graceful compliment to our gifted speaker, Mrs. Watson; praised the country, not omitting "our glorious climate"—spoke of his delightful season of rest and recuperation among the orange groves of Los Angeles, and of his more than delightful visit to Sunny Brae, the beautiful home of Mrs. Watson. He thought California ought to develop a high order of Spiritualism, as here was every condition essential to spiritual growth and happiness. He retired with the hearty applause of the large audience present.

The Society of Progressive Spiritualists held their hall filled at an early hour, and fittingly celebrated our Thirty-eighth Anniversary, as the following interesting programme will show:

The meeting was opened by singing "Nearer My God to Thee," Mrs. Carrie Miner presiding at the piano. The President stated that it was thought best to make the meeting a time of reunion and general conference; to have short speeches so as to allow as many as possible to participate.

Mrs. E. Price read an original poem full of spiritual thought. The following verse will convey a little idea of its sentiment:

"Then learn in yourself lies the all-potent power,
That the unselfish life that is lived every hour
Is the star that will guide to the realm of the soul,
Where peace and contentment eternally roll."

Mr. E. Fair said he believed in making every day of our life an anniversary of Modern Spiritualism; that there was nothing to call out our gratitude like this. He referred to mysterious noises and mental operations that were attracting much attention which seemed to lead up to and be in unison with the intelligence that burst forth from the Rochester Knockings.

Mr. E. G. Anderson was the next speaker, and said that to look back thirty-eight years seemed but a short time, but it told an eloquent story of a world redeemed from the superstitions of the past. We know from positive demonstration that our life is continuous, and death is but a stepping-stone to a higher grade of life. Spiritualism has taught us to find within ourselves our Redeemer; to look here for our evils as well as for our happiness.

Mrs. L. Mathews was cordially invited to participate in the exercises, and stated that while she was unprepared to speak it gave her pleasure to look into the faces of so many that were familiar, and brought up memories of days gone by.

Mr. James Batterby was introduced as a young convert to Spiritualism, though old in experience. He said that being an infant he hoped his prattlings would be received as such. This anniversary was suggestive of a world-wide range of thought; it was emphatically an occasion of joyful interest, of retrospective instruction and future glory. Spiritualism was a profound, solemn and truly important subject. Men of ancient days, and great scientists have dived deep into this question, but it was reserved for the humble girls of lowly origin to enlighten the world by the tiny

rap of the certainty of spirit communion. What a truly grand and noble revelation was this! How it fits the soul for a higher destiny, where the beams of light are quenchless, and the songs of love are never marred by the husky notes of age.

Mrs. Egbert Aitkin, who for many years has done public service as a medium, next took the rostrum. After brief allusions to her experience in San Francisco through many years and the persecutions of mediums, and that she was filled with courage for the future, she gave way to a control, who spoke of the protecting power of spirits, and an increase of spiritual revelation in the future.

Mrs. Carrie Miner sang a solo, filling the room with melody and sweet sound, and under the influence of which Mrs. J. J. Whitney became thoroughly entranced, and for a long time held the audience with breathless interest as she gave message after message from spirit to mortal (calling accurately the names of both), relating incidents peculiar and touching. Many who received communications shook under the deep feeling stirred within and responded in a yearning, tearful voice, while others returned a happy spontaneous greeting to a quickly recognized dear one. Every honest skeptic witnessing the scenes of this occasion should lay every doubt aside as to the question of life in death, and unbroken communion.

After a song, "How Cheering the Thought," by the congregation, Mr. Coolidge, President of the Union meetings held every Wednesday night in Scottish Hall, was called to the stand and spoke earnestly on the subject of the hour. He considered Spiritualism the crowning sheaf of all the ages. He narrated great movements that had their birth just prior and in the early days of Spiritualism, and pointed out their significance and relation to it. He regretted that his friend, J. A. Collins, was not present to speak of those early days, that he remembered him as one of the men of the times and his effective labors in the cause. The strides of Spiritualism had been rapid and long, and the year of 1848 was the time of times.

Mrs. R. H. Wilson, under control of her guides, took the platform, and referring to this as being the third celebration of the anniversary by the Society, spoke of the spirit power that had stood behind and pushed forward the work since its inception; that they realized its importance more than mortals could. There was nothing outside of it, for it was the science of life. All should strive to develop the faculties, but should be careful not to retard the growth of others lest thereby they hinder their own; be kind, loving, charitable and true in every effort of life; be united and work together in this great labor for the improvement of all; be careful to wound not the sensitive spirits of dear ones who come for recognition, as they need our sympathy as well as we need theirs; welcome them in your soul, feeling that it is a glorious privilege to commune and work with them. The time was hastening on when men and women, hand in hand, would throng up the mount of knowledge and all would be free.

An original poem was read by Mrs. J. Mason, entitled "Spiritualism, our live Oak Tree," which was well received.

Dr. L. Schlessinger was the last speaker, and related in a happy and entertaining manner his first investigations of Spiritualism, and of the extremely cautious methods he adopted to avoid any imposition. He also related a striking experience when a boy, of being carried by an invisible power, while playing with his sister, down two flights of stairs and left at his mother's feet, leading his parents to think the house was haunted. In his early investigations he called upon Chas. H. Foster, receiving the most startling and convincing proofs; among others the maiden name of his mother written upon his arm.

Three hours had passed away, and the President said he regretted that time would not permit him to call on other speakers that all would be glad to hear from. He referred to the plan of the Society to erect a substantial hall of their own as soon as possible, and occasion would be given for new members to join and strengthen their work and purposes. Several ladies passed among the audience, and we learn that twenty-six new members were added, making the total membership of the Society upwards of two hundred and fifty.

The meeting held at Washington Hall Sunday evenings, and which for the past two months has been under the able management of Mr. S. B. Clarke, entered fully into the spirit of the anniversary, and their hall was crowded to overflowing, many being obliged to stand.

The services were opened by congregational singing, followed by an invocation and address by the esteemed and worthy veteran worker, Mrs. J. M. Hendee.

Mrs. J. Schlessinger, editress of the *Carrier Dove*, read an excellent poem which was enjoyed by all.

Mrs. M. A. Ellis also contributed a good poem and an essay.

Mr. Wm. M. Reid gave a short address, followed by Mrs. Carrie Miner in one of her charming solos.

Judge A. Swift made some happy remarks, which placed the large audience in the best of feeling.

Miss Sophie Eggert gave a recitation entitled, "Why Should the Spirit of Mortal be Proud?" which was followed by addresses by Miss Wright and Mrs. Ada Foye.

Mrs. Miner rendered another solo, when Mrs. Foye closed the exercises by one of her remarkable test seances.

FRIENDLY WORDS.

Mrs. Emma F. Smith, of Alameda, writes: "Please find inclosed postal note for six months' subscription for your paper, which send to the same address as heretofore. We welcome its appearance each week, as a messenger of glad tidings, and would miss, indeed, the sparkling gems of thought with which it is so replete. With the utmost pleasure I testify to its growing popularity as is clearly evident from the golden encomiums bestowed upon the manner in which you have conducted it as its editor, and I wish you continued and increasing prosperity."

Dr. E. D. French of Poway, San Diego county, California, writes: "While writing permit me to express my appreciation of the *GOLDEN GATE*. It is progressive, interesting and reasonable, and may entice the investigating mind into new fields of thought and assist the timid to break away from bigotry and superstition. Semi-radical persuasion with proof and reason is better than dogmatic assumption. We are much interested in your paper."

Mr. A. Warner Rose, of Amador, Jackson county, California, writes: "I am more than pleased with your editorials, and hope to see the paper a grand success, as it deserves to be. I hear of a few Spiritualists in this county, but have met but one since my arrival here."

OUR sparkling contemporary the *GOLDEN GATE* copies approvingly our article on "Cranks," published in a recent number of *Beacon Light*. If all our contemporaries would join in wiping out the free platform crank nuisance they would do good service to our cause. The *GOLDEN GATE* appreciates our remarks; but this was natural, for our San Francisco contemporary is, with perhaps one exception, the ablest spiritual journal in the world. —*New York Beacon Light*.

A Wonderful Book!

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

There is a book being published by the *Banner of Light* Publishing Company that should attract the attention of every intelligent, deep-thinking Spiritualist in this land. It purports to be a divine revelation given through the mediumship of a Quaker by the spirit of Jesus of Nazareth, and was written in 1852. I saw a copy of it some twenty years ago, and then tried to obtain one, but could not. Finally, I wrote to the medium for a copy; my letter was answered by the administrator of his estate, who said that the medium was dead and that there were but a few copies printed, and the manuscript and stereotype plates were locked in a vault by order of the spirit author, and that no more would be printed until it was directed by Him, as He deemed the book in advance of the age. About a year ago I learned that it was in print again, and immediately sent for a copy, and the greater part of my leisure time since has been devoted to its study. The title is, "The History of the Origin of All Things," and in my humble judgment it is most appropriately named; for in it is revealed the origin of both spirit and matter, in fact all things, *God excepted!* It tells who and what the "Word" was and is, and its relation to all created things. It explains who and what Christ is, His origin and mission, giving a clear, philosophical statement of His miraculous birth, and shows that a varied application of the same law bridges the gulf between human and animal life, thus accounting for the "lost links" in the evolution theory of Darwin, which theory is revealed to be fact.

It tells what has been the occupation of the gentle Nazarene during all the years since His resurrection, and also gives His relation to the present spiritual unfoldment to the children of earth. It reveals the cause of the deluge and gives the date of its occurrence, and predicts another like phenomenon, and the cause and result of it to the planet earth. It clearly reveals *pre-existence* of the human soul, and locates the home of the unborn souls of men, its conditions, laws and substance; locates and defines the spirit world, and reveals the condition of angelhood in the spheres.

It takes up the Master's teaching as given in the New Testament, explains many dark passages therein, and throws a brilliant sunlight of intelligence upon the Scriptures and all revelation therein. And from beginning to end is most intensely pure and religious, and in my humble opinion should be in the hands of every honest spiritual and religious thinker on earth. For there is scarcely a knotty problem of spiritual, moral, or physical life, but may be consistently and definitely solved by the principles set forth therein.

Anniversary in Oakland.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

At Grand Army Hall in Oakland, last Sunday at 2 o'clock P. M., there was a gathering of Spiritualists to celebrate the Thirty-eighth Anniversary of Modern Spiritualism. The Society was organized several years ago, and recently resumed its meetings. As yet it is not very large, but is rapidly growing, and we believe will soon be in a flourishing condition.

The programme was impromptu, but was carried out in a very pleasing, and home-like way, that was very satisfactory to all present. There was a piano solo by Mrs. Dahm, a short address by the genial President of the Association, Mr. Carter, followed by a song, "The Vision," by Miss Hall, "America," and "Nearer My God to Thee," by the audience, an interesting flower lecture, by Mrs. Spaulding. Then came "The Sweet Bye And Bye," and another solo by Miss Hall. A number of mediums were present making use of their mediumistic powers for the benefit of those around them. I am not sure that the gathering was not all the more agreeable, from the fact of the exercises being unpretentious. Success to the Society.

The Camp Meeting.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

We expect Mr. W. J. Colville will be with us at the camp-meeting, and take an active part during its entire session. A new tent 60x80 feet will be purchased in a few days, and a number of small tents will be placed on the grounds, ready for immediate occupancy when campers arrive.

At a late meeting of the Board, President Wilson stated that inasmuch as he was acting as Secretary for three incorporated companies and would be obliged to be present in office during week days, he would make a motion that the office of Chairman and Manager of the campgrounds be created. The motion was carried, and, on motion of Mr. Wilson, Mr. Amos Adams, the Vice-President, was elected to the position.

The management will do all in their power to make the meeting a memorable occasion in the history of Spiritualism on this Coast, and invite the kindly co-operation of all.

G. H. HAWES,
Cor. Sec'y C. S. C. M. A.

Divine truths we must learn as we learn any truths, by study and reflection. —*Chauncey Giles*.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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We have the capacity to look upwards as well as downwards, inwards as well as outwards.—*Rev. James Reed*.

We are able, if we will, to look heavenwards, and to discern the light of that Divine truth which has relation to the eternal welfare and happiness of our souls, as distinguished from the earthly knowledge which centres in our bodily circumstances and conditions.—*Rev. James Reed*.

ANNUAL MEETING.

The Annual meeting of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists will be held Sunday, April 11, 1886, at Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street, at 2 P. M., for election of a Board of Directors, and such other business as may be properly brought before it. S. B. CLARK, Secretary pro tem.
mar 25-31

MR. AND MRS. FRED EVANS.

These popular young mediums will hold their interesting seances for full form materialization, independent slate-writing and physical manifestations on Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings, at 8 o'clock sharp. Mediums sit in audience room. Seats may be secured in advance by calling or addressing Fred Evans 1244 Mission street.

GOLDEN GATE EUROPEAN AGENCY.

H. H. KIRBY, No. 1 Newgate street, Newcastle-on-Tyne, will act as agent in England for the *GOLDEN GATE*, during the absence of J. J. Morse, receiving subscriptions therefor at 12s 6d per annum, exclusive of postage.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL SERVICES by the Golden Gate Religious and Philosophical Society, at Metropolitan Temple, under the ministrations of the celebrated and eloquent inspirational lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday, April 4th. Questions Answered at 11 A. M. Lecture in the evening at 8 o'clock. Subject: "And He Went to His Place." The Children's Progressive Lyceum at 12:30 P. M. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all.

SPIRITUALISM.—"Light and Truth."—At Washington Hall, 35 Eddy street. Every Sunday evening there will be a conference and fact meeting, closing with a test seance by mediums of a variety of phases. All Speakers and Mediums invited.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.—The "Progressive Spiritualists" meet in Washington Hall, No. 35 Eddy street, every Sunday afternoon at 1 o'clock P. M. All subjects relating to human welfare and Spiritual unfoldment treated in open conference. All are invited.

N. B.—The Free Spiritual Library in charge of this Society is open to all persons on Sundays from 1 to 4 o'clock P. M. Contributions of books and money solicited.

THE OAKLAND SPIRITUAL ASSOCIATION.—Meets every Sunday, at 7:30 o'clock P. M., at Liberty Hall, 419 Thirteenth street. Public cordially invited. Direct all communications to G. A. Carter, 360 Eighth street, Oakland.

DO SPIRITS OF DEAD MEN AND WOMEN Return to Mortals? Mrs. E. R. Herbert, a Spiritual Medium, gives sittings daily from 12 to 4 P. M., (Sunday excepted), at No. 418 Twelfth Street, Oakland, Cal. Conference meetings Sunday evening; Developing Circles, Tuesday evenings. Public are invited. n03

LIBERTY HALL SPIRITUAL SOCIETY meets every Thursday evening, at 7:30 o'clock P. M., at Liberty Hall, 419 Thirteenth street, near Market street local railroad station, at Oakland. All are invited. Admission, free. Dr. Poulson, Lecturer. Marshall Curtis, President.

MEDIUMS' UNION SPIRITUAL MEETINGS.—At St. Andrews' Hall, No. 111 Larkin street, every Wednesday evening. Good speakers and mediums present. Admission free.

TO FRIENDS OF THE GOLDEN GATE

For the purpose of placing the *GOLDEN GATE* upon a basis that shall inspire public confidence in its stability, and also for the purpose of extending the field of its usefulness, a number of prominent and influential Spiritualists have organized themselves into a Joint Stock Company known as the "Golden Gate Printing and Publishing Company," with a capital stock of \$15,000, divided into 3,000 shares of \$5 each. The corporation is invested with power to carry on a general printing and publishing business; to buy and sell, hold and inherit real estate; to receive, hold and dispose of bequests; to deal in books and periodicals; in short, the foundation is laid for the future of a large publishing, printing and book-dealing business.

It is agreed that each share of the capital stock of said Company subscribed for shall entitle the holder to an annual dividend of ten per cent, payable in subscription to the paper. That is, the holder of five shares, or \$25 of stock, shall be entitled to a copy of the paper free, so long as the corporation exists, together with all the profits and advantages which the ownership of said stock may bring. (The paper at \$2.50 per annum—the lowest price at which it can be afforded—being equivalent to ten per cent of \$25.) For any less number than five shares a pro rata reduction will be allowed on subscription to the paper. Thus, the holder of but one share will receive a perpetual reduction of fifty cents on his annual subscription. That is, he will be entitled to the paper for \$2 per annum. The holder of two shares will pay but \$1.50; of three shares, \$1; four shares, 50 cents, and of five shares, nothing.

By this arrangement every share-holder will receive, as we have before stated, what is equivalent to a perpetual annual dividend of ten per cent. The subscriber for twenty shares of the stock, or \$100, would be entitled to four copies of the paper. He could, if he chose, dispose of three of these copies among his acquaintances, at the regular subscription rate of \$2.50 for each per annum, and thereby realize what would be equivalent to a cash dividend of seven and one-half per cent on his investment, and have his own paper free in addition.

This plan of incorporation can not fail to commend itself to every Spiritualist who has the welfare of the cause at heart.

As no more stock will be sold than will be necessary for the needs of the business—which will not be likely to exceed, in any event, over fifty per cent of the nominal capital—and as the paper will be conducted on the most economical principles, there will be no probability of, or necessity for, future assessments. The sale of the reserved stock would be ample to meet any contingency that might possibly arise. But, with careful management, there will be no necessity to draw upon this reserve. On the other hand, from the present outlook and the encouragement the paper is receiving, we confidently believe that the time is not far distant when the business will pay a fair cash dividend upon the stock, in addition to that already provided for.

This is no vagary of an inexperienced journalist, but the firm conviction of one who has had a quarter of a century of successful experience in journalistic management. You can order the stock by mail just the same as in person, and will receive therewith a guaranty of free subscription.

While the paper is now placed beyond the possibility of failure, still its future usefulness will depend, in a large measure, upon the liberality of its patronage. All Spiritualists who can afford it should not only take the paper but also secure some of its stock, which will be a safe and profitable investment.

The Board of Trustees named in the articles of incorporation (which have been duly filed) consists of the following gentlemen: Amos Adams, M. B. Dodge, R. A. Robinson, Dr. Robert Brown and J. J. Owen. President of the Board, Hon. Amos Adams.

FORM OF BEQUEST.

To those who may be disposed to contribute by will to the spread of the gospel of Spiritualism through the *GOLDEN GATE*, the following form of bequest is suggested:

"I give and bequeath to the *GOLDEN GATE* Printing and Publishing Company, of San Francisco, incorporated, November 28th, 1885, in trust, for the uses and dissemination of the cause of Spiritualism, — dollars."

PASS THEM ALONG.

We printed large extra editions of all the earlier numbers of the *GOLDEN GATE*, many copies of which we have yet on hand. As interesting samples they are just as good to send to those who have never seen the paper as the latest edition. We will send these papers in packages, postage paid, to whoever may wish to scatter the good seed, for fifty cents per hundred copies—package of fifty copies, twenty-five cents.

SPIRITUALISM.

All who are desirous of developing as mediums for "Independent Slate-Writing," which is the most satisfying, convincing, and unquestionable phase of spirit power known, send for circular, with four cents, to Mrs. Clara L. Reid, Independent Slate-writer, No. 35 Sixth street, San Francisco.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

Obsession.

There is so much talk just now about obsession, and the dangerous, all-powerful Jesuitical influence of disembodied monk and priest, that we deem it wise and necessary to enter, if not a protest, at least a demurrer, at least a call upon the reasoning mass of Spiritualists who love our philosophy and are trying to win souls to the understanding and enjoyment of the beautiful laws and wonderful everlasting truths which are opening the floodgates of knowledge and consequent happiness to humanity. To you we call,—we call upon the higher wisdom of the disembodied, who have rolled the stone from the door of the sepulchre and revealed to our wondering souls the fact upon fact which robs death of its sting, and glorifies us with the boundless prospects of our inevitable future progress. Are we, think you, in danger constant and unavoidable? Have we disillusioned ourselves and discarded a mythological devil to be beset and besieged with millions of devils, mischievous, malignant, and they, our brothers, at one time one flesh with us, and now one soul with us, part of the great stupendous family of souls, with like tastes, and like propensities?

Are these priests who, though they have so long held the power and control of human souls, who have sinned against us, we admit, and most deeply, but sinned against themselves the most completely, are they, think you, after laying off the mortal coil, yet so wicked and unwise in that which would be their highest good and growth? Are they content to remain in the earth's atmosphere to the end that they may retard the spread of this light and truth by obsessing and tormenting some poor fellow mortals, causing them to become or act like imbeciles, and themselves to act the same? Nay! nay! our highest wisdom answers nay! We are not going to uphold or cling to the damaging doctrine taught in the name of the Christian religion. We discard in toto the idea of a vicarious atonement,—a blood sacrifice. We do not, as a philosophical Spiritualist, believe in redemption save only through growth.

We do not produce this argument to protect the priests, but we write to protect those who have not thought deeply upon these subjects, who are just entering the ranks and many of them unfolding as mediums,—many of them sensitive and acted upon by forces invisible and varied; many of these forces, or spirit entities, ignorant of the law of control, and to those young mediums who are morbid and imaginative, and who are absolutely in danger of adopting these hallucinations and thus becoming a prey to tormenting fancies which will utterly dethrone reason at the last.

We do not believe this priesthood has been frittering away ages in the borderland, between our earth and the advanced spheres, in trying to defeat truth, and maintain their merciless power intact even after entering the other life. Priests are human souls, and in all regards like other men. We will admit their bigotry, their selfish love of power, their cruelty. Well, are they the only educated men who would rule the masses and live in luxurious idleness at the expense of the masses? Mind, we are not upholding them, nor any soul who has kept nor is keeping the masses in slavery either of church or State. But we are trying to disillusionize you of the fear which is gaining ground among sensitives, that these souls, after leaving the body, are uniting their forces to maintain the Catholic dogmas and church creeds intact, both in our life and the other, and to this end are obsessing and destroying poor little sensitives who dare undertake to study and unfold in this new beautiful science soul communion.

We will, in a future article, give some hints upon development, or how to become a medium, which we presume will be unlike most rules adopted in the general understanding of the question of unfoldment, but which we believe will be most useful and protective to mediums. But we will say now in reference farther to this Jesuitical priest control, it does not stand the test of reason. We do not believe that these priests are going to spend precious time in propagating error. There may be instances where they, after entering the other life, return and seem to manifest a desire to rule as when in the form, but we should be quite as alarmed at the presence of an old Presbyterian divine as at a Catholic priest. And we need not fear any of them if we have a little common sense and a great deal of truth and modesty in our own selves.

We attribute obsession to the egotism of the obsessed and the lack of cool, common sense, in many instances. The obsessed are obsessed with their own fancies, their own egoism. But let me assure you from a standpoint of reason, comparison, and observation, these priests, disembodied, are not bothering themselves as to how to maintain the Catholic Church. They are trying—a large percentage of them—to rise out of the earth's atmosphere, and many of them have gone higher and are co-laborers and valued friends and earnest workers in schools of science and great schemes for the advancement and uplifting of souls.

Now as to those souls who see not beyond the border-land, who, in their unbalanced state, are content to draw upon

the imagination to that alarming extent which peoples space with devils, and would make every moment a moment of peril to the sensitive, you yourself are the obsessed with the creations of your own disordered brain; there is an abnormal tendency within you, a derangement of the physical and mental harmony. We counsel you to study yourself from a physical, social, mental, spiritual and affectional standpoint. Go out in nature, and get active employment in the open air which will distract you from your fancies. Go to work to help your fellow mortals in the flesh, starving and freezing all about you. You are clothing the harmful doctrines inculcated by the priesthood with personal shapes and separate individualities, each one a priest or monk. Disabuse your mind of personalities, fight harmful principles, study nature's sweet and tender laws. Study how to make your temple, the human body, a temple fit to act for and with a pure, sound mind, individualized and self-sustaining. Disgorge yourself of all enures, all condemnation of personalities, and worship no soul either embodied nor disembodied because of name or earthly position; neither condemn them because of name or earthly position, for all are but souls, and whether highly developed or undeveloped are destined to eternal growth and progression, whether Jesuit, monk, or Baptist divine, whether Infidel or Spiritualist. We need not fear the disembodied more than we fear the embodied. We do not fear to meet them here, why should we fear to meet them in spirit?

I tell you, friends, it is all fancy. We are not in the wicked toils of a malignant priestcraft; we are in the advanced age of the nineteenth century, looking outward over the turbulent waters of the incoming tide of a better and more healthful condition, spiritual, temporal. And though we jostle each other, and suffer, and our eyes, in opening, witness much misery which as yet is unexplainable, it will be made clear if we are patient, and all will be found to be in the divine economies best and right.

Hence, mediums, "press on" and FEAR NOT. The hosts of ignorance shall not prevail against you, nor Jesuitical power defeat the great and mighty growth of soul, nor the advance of truth.

E. C. WMS.—PATTERSON.

Edison Photographs a Sound.

[New York World.]

Greater things are in store for the public than the telephone by the wizard of Menlo Park. The other day a reporter saw the inventor of the electric light seated at a bench of wonderful machinery with ingenious mirror appliances attached to all its points for concentrating the rays of an electric light and throwing them upon a highly polished disc, tracing thereby the minute waves of sound from a new cylindrical apparatus—a newly constructed phonograph—and reflecting them a hundred-fold amplified upon a larger disc at a distance of three feet.

"I am now perfecting the phonograph," said he, as he looked up with a kindly smile. "I have done nothing to it since 1878. All my time since then has been directed towards perfecting my light. I have now some time on my hands and I have resumed my study of the phonograph. No one has touched or sought to make any use of it. See here, I have just made a photograph of the expression 'Ah!' Here the inventor produced a strip of paper twenty-one feet long by two inches wide, from one end of which to the other was a continuous line of waves, making one "wave sound." "That is 'Ah!'" resumed the magician. "Of course, this is only experimental, but the machine that would produce that sound would be heard five miles away distinctly."

"There is, then, an ultimate future for the phonograph?"

"Yes, a great one. I intend to make it of use for commercial purposes. It will be used for dictating. In offices it will take the place of stenographers, and boys can use it. This is the machine I am now constructing. This phonograph was completed so far as it went, and gave satisfaction to all those who were then interested in it. Its mission I am about to demonstrate. The phonograph I am building will have a five-foot wheel, to be driven by steam. The sound will be transferred from the phonograph to a wheel forty times its diameter, the sound thus being amplified forty times, making it forty times louder than the human voice. It will have a funnel thirty feet long. I will put it on top of this building and you will hear it talk distinctly two blocks away."

"This is only to prove the perfection of my new machine. I shall then construct the new phonograph for office use. It will be self-acting, worked by a spring. Bankers, merchants, lawyers and editors, can stand up and speak to it, or can recline upon a lounge, smoke their cigars, and dictate to it at their ease. All they have to do then is to hand it to the office boy, who, by touching a spring, can make it talk back or repeat all that has been said to it, which he can transcribe at his will. If he misses anything he can spring it back, when the phonograph will repeat it over again. Whoever possesses one can take it home, and if a thought, an idea, strikes him, he can instantly confide it to the phonograph, and there it is for him next day. The stenographer is an expensive institution in an office. This will take his place as a complete registering machine."

A St. Louis Ghost.

[St. Louis (Mo.) Republican.]

Mr. S. B. Mills, who occupies an important position in the postal service, and Mr. Robert Brannan (colored), who has been head janitor at the postoffice for over twenty years, were seated in the shipping-room of the old postoffice, Third and Olive streets, one Summer day, two years ago, when Mills saw the clearly defined figure of a man standing in front of a post where an instant before no one was to be seen. The apparition communicated a message to Mr. Mills for Brannan, and then vanished as mysteriously as it appeared. Mills described the apparition to Brannan, who at once recognized it as a *fac simile* of his former master. The message related to a matter with which Brannan was fully acquainted; it urged him to obtain possession of certain property bequeathed to him many years ago by his master.

The evidence in this case is corroborative, and, so far as can be ascertained, reliable and trustworthy. Mills declared that he was entirely unacquainted with Brannan's history, and is supported by the latter, who says that he mentioned the circumstance of the inheritance to no one, not even to his own wife. In fact, the matter had escaped his mind and he had given it no thought for years.

Two plausible explanations may be adduced:

1. That Mills unconsciously assimilated the substance of the story from chance remarks made by Brannan. Both deny this emphatically.

2. Although Brannan may not have been thinking of the subject at the time, the entire story may have been present in his mind in a subconscious form; that Mills may have obtained the information by mind reading, or by thought transference. The only objection to this theory is the immense difficulty connected with thought transference of this kind. It is no easy matter to transfer the simplest thought where both recipient and agent have concentrated their energies on the operation; but the obstacle becomes vastly greater when the subject matter to be transferred is complicated and is present only in a subconscious form in the mind of the agent.

A reporter, having heard of the case, called at the postoffice recently to obtain the direct statement of Mr. Mills and Mr. Brannan. Mr. A. B. Harlow, Superintendent of mails, gave both gentlemen excellent characters and said they were worthy of the fullest credence in anything they might say. Both had been in the service many years and were honest and reliable in the discharge of their duties. Mr. Mills deposed as follows: "My name is S. B. Mills. I have been in the postal service for eight years. I have had a good many experiences with apparitions. The one to which you refer was as follows: I was sitting in the old postoffice, in what is known as the lobby or shipping room; Robert Brannan was sitting about twelve feet off; neither one of us was talking. All at once a peculiar feeling came over me a quiet kind sensation. I do not know that I am able to describe it; it was sort of quiet, pleasant feeling. I was just sitting there looking at nothing in particular; I was in a peculiar state where I could be taken hold of. There stepped out near an iron pillar, or appeared there to me, a somewhat peculiar looking person. He was tall and appeared to be bent or hollow chested; had a full beard like myself, only scattering, in patches; in places it would be thicker and then thinner, in thin bunches. His eyes were dark, almost black. He had a hollow face—long, and sunken cheeks. He stood looking intently at Bob. I heard no voice; but it was immediately impressed upon my mind that this person wanted to communicate with Bob; that Bob had been his slave at one time, his body servant; that Bob was with him several years ago at the time of his death; that he had left Bob some property which he was anxious Bob should make an effort to get; that was all the knowledge I received. After a while the figure was gone."

"I thought I would not say anything to Bob, but after a while I got to feeling very unhappy as is usually the case when such things have appeared to me. I finally took Bob on one side and asked him first if he had ever been a slave. He said: 'Yes.' I described to him the man I saw and he was very much surprised. I asked him if he had ever been the body servant of that man; and if he was with him when he died. He said he was. I then told him that I saw his master standing by the pillar; that the man left some property he wanted Bob to get. Bob said the description was true; that some property had been left him, money in bank, and interest in some real estate, but that he came away from the place during the war and had never made an effort to get the property. Bob promised to write to his friends and see about it."

This completed Mr. Mills' story. In response to a number of cross-questions he stated: "This man's death occurred quite a number of years ago, previous to the war. I was not expecting the appearance or anything of the kind; was not sitting prepared for it at all, or thinking about it. I never saw the figure again. I have had a knowledge of his presence on two occasions since, but can not tell you how I know it. I did not see him on

these two occasions. The occurrence must have been a year and a half or two years ago [1884]. It was in the Summer time, I think, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. There was a good light in the room, a perfect light. When I saw it it was standing there; it did not appear to come from anywhere. It went—it dissolved as it were. It did not move at all; did not attempt to speak; it gazed at Bob; did not look at me at all. It told me it died of consumption; the appearance would indicate that. I do not know how that information was conveyed to me, but it was a sort of magnetic action of the brain in some way. I had not been expecting it; did not know the history of Bob at all. I had known Bob six years. Bob has not seen it since. Bob was surprised and appeared almost frightened when I gave him the description. The man had on a dark dress, black frock coat, had no hat on his head. He appeared to me somewhat like a professional man; was a gentleman in appearance and dress. I heard no voice, but knew these facts. They were conveyed to my mind without use of voice, ear, or eye. I was awake at the time; I was conscious. Directly after that I went away about my business. The vision was not transparent; had no ghostly or ghostly appearance; did not look like a dead man; the eyes were as full of life, fire, and expression as anybody's. He appeared to be a consumptive. I know it was not a man in the room at the time because he was a peculiar man. I did not see him afterward. Did not see him go away or come there; nobody else saw him at the time. If it had been a man others would have seen him; there was a watchman close by; no one saw him. I did not ask anybody about it. I kept my eyes on it constantly until it was gone; I can not describe its coming or its going. Whenever I have a feeling of that kind I am impelled to go and see the person; I am the unceasing man you ever saw until I do so. I do not know whether Bob had been thinking about this at the time I saw this vision. I had stopped work fifteen minutes before I saw it. I was in perfectly good health and spirits. He looked at Bob in a solicitous and mournful way. I have had some previous experience; under some conditions I am apt to see these visions; the conditions I do not well understand—I can to a certain extent. I have to place myself in a perfect state of quiet. If anything bothers me or my mind is bothered one way or the other, I fail to get into the right condition. I suppose the state is mental inertia."

HUMOROUS ELEPHANTS.—A young friend asked me once to show him some elephants in undress, and I took him along with me, having first borrowed an apron and filled it with oranges. This he was to carry while accompanying me in the stable, but the moment we reached the door the herd set up such a trumpeting—they had scented the fruit—that he dropped the apron and its contents and scuttled off like a scared rabbit. There were eight elephants, and when I picked up the oranges I found I had twenty-five. I walked deliberately along the line giving one to each. When I got to the extremity of the narrow stable I turned and was about to begin the distribution again, when I suddenly reflected that if elephant No. 7 in the row saw me give two oranges in succession to No. 8, he might imagine he was being cheated, and give me a smack with his proboscis—that is where the elephant falls short of the human being—so I went to the door and began de novo as before. Thrice I went along the line and then I was in a fix. I had one orange left and I had to get back to the door. Every elephant in the herd had his greedy gaze focused on that orange. It was as much as my life was worth to give it to any one of them. What was I to do? I held it up conspicuously, coolly peeled it, and sucked it myself. It was most amusing to notice the way those elephants nudged each other and shook their ponderous sides. They thoroughly entered into the humor of the thing.—*Foreign Correspondence.*

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

In some sections of Dakota where fuel is expensive, farmers will this year grow flax for fuel. A ton of flax is considered worth more for fuel than a ton of soft coal.

Since 1870 Alaska has paid into the United States Treasury over \$4,500,000 for rental of the seal fur franchise, and is still paying a yearly revenue of over \$300,000 therefrom.

An old lady who died in London is said to have bequeathed to the doctor who attended her for the last thirty-five years a huge box, which was found to contain all the bottles of medicine that he had ever sent her—unopened.

The largest plate glass window in the country was put up in Broadway, New York, a few days ago. It is pure French plate, 13 feet 11 inches in height, 8 feet 3 inches in width, and 1 1/2 inches thick.

Prohibitionists in Marathon, Ia., went in force to a drug store where whisky was sold, destroyed thirteen packages of liquors, forced the druggist to pack up and ship away the rest of his goods and close his store.

Beavers on Fall Creek, near Wellington, Kansas, have cut down one hundred trees this Winter, some of them eighteen inches in diameter, floated some of the logs nearly a mile down the stream, and built a complete dam across the creek.

WOMAN'S FORTITUDE.—Man is a feeble child of destiny, who can't lose a dollar on a horse-race or find a shoe-button in his soup without showing vexation in every line of his face as plain as red letters on a circus bill, while a woman will not so much as bat an eyelash if she happens to come unexpectedly face to face with an old beau who honeyed up to her five years or more in the most attentive courtship, and then jilted her without a word of warning to marry a dowdy with a little money drawing interest. A woman may not be able to slice onions without shedding tears of pain, but she can step on her own heart and never wince.

FOR 1885-86.

"THE CENTURY."

The remarkable interest in the War Papers and in the many timely articles and strong serial features published recently in *The Century*, has given that magazine a regular circulation of

MORE THAN 200,000 COPIES MONTHLY.

Among the features for the coming volume, which begins with the November number, are:

THE WAR PAPERS, BY GENERAL GRANT AND OTHERS.

These will be continued (most of them illustrated) until the chief events of the Civil War have been described by leading participants on both sides. General Grant's papers include descriptions of the battles of Chattanooga and the Wilderness. General McClellan will write of Antietam, General D. C. Buell of Shiloh, General Pope, Longstreet and others of the Second Bull Run, etc., etc. Naval combats, including the fight between the *Kearsarge* and the *Alabama*, by officers of both ships, will be described. The "Recollection of a Private," and special war papers of an anecdotal or humorous character will be features of the year.

SERIAL STORIES BY W. D. HOWELLS, MARY HALLOCK FOOTE, AND GEORGE W. CABLE.

Mr. Howells' serial will be lighter vein than "The Rise of Silas Lapham." Mrs. Foote's is a story of mining life, and Mr. Cable's a novelette of the Acadians of Louisiana. Mr. Cable will also contribute a series of papers on Slave songs and dances, including negro serpent-worship, etc.

SPECIAL FEATURES

Include "A Tricyle Pilgrimage to Rome," illustrated by Pennell; Historical Papers by Edward Eggleston, and others; Papers on Persia, by S. G. W. Benjamin, lately United States Minister, with numerous illustrations; Astronomical Articles, practical and popular, on "Sideral Astronomy;" Papers on Christian Unity by representatives of various religious denominations; Papers on Manual Education, by various experts, etc., etc.

SHORT STORIES

By Frank R. Stockton, Mrs. Helen Jackson (H. H.), Mrs. Mary Hallock Foote, Joel Chandler Harris, H. H. Boyesen, T. A. Janvier, Julian Hawthorne, Richard M. Johnston, and others; and poems by leading poets. The Departments,—"Open Letters," "Bric-a-Brac,"—etc., will be fully sustained.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

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"ST. NICHOLAS" aims both to satisfy and to develop the tastes of its constituency; and its record for the past twelve years, during which it has always stood, as it stands to-day, at the head of periodicals for boys and girls, is a sufficient warrant for its excellence during the coming season. The editors announce the following as among the

LEADING FEATURES FOR 1885-86:

A SERIAL STORY by FRANCES HODGSON BURNETTE. The first long story she has written for children.

A CHRISTMAS STORY by W. D. HOWELLS. With humorous pictures by his little daughter.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON," by HORACE E. SCUDDER. A novel and attractive Historical Serial.

SHORT STORIES FOR GIRLS by LOUISA M. ALCOTT. The first—"The Candy Country"—in November.

NEW "BITS OF TALK FOR YOUNG FOLKS," by "H. H." This series forms a gracious and fitting memorial of a child-loving and child-helping soul.

PAPERS ON THE GREAT ENGLISH SCHOOLS, RUGBY AND OTHERS. Illustrations by Joseph Pennell.

A SEA-COAST SERIAL STORY, by J. T. KROWBRIDGE, will be life-like, vigorous, and useful.

"JENNY'S BOARDING-HOUSE," a serial by JAMES OTIS. Dealing with news-boy life and enterprise.

FRANK R. STOCKTON will contribute several of his humorous and fanciful stories. "Drill," by JOHN PRESTON TRUE. A capital school-story for boys.

THE BOYHOOD OF SHAKESPEARE, by ROSE KINGSLEY. With illustrations by Alfred Parsons.

SHORT STORIES by scores of prominent writers, including Susan Coolidge, H. H. Boyesen, Nora Perry, T. A. Janvier, Washington Gladden, Rosset Johnson, Joaquin Miller, Sophie May, Henekiah Butterworth, W. O. Stoddard, Harriet Prescott Spofford, and many others.

ENTERTAINING SKETCHES by Alice W. Rollins, Charles G. Leland, Henry Eckford, Lieutenant Schwatka, Edward Eggleston, and others.

Poems, shorter contributions, and departments will complete what the *Aural New-Yorker* calls "the best magazine for children in the world." THE CENTURY CO., New York.

A Word to Working-Men.

Dr. Lyman Abbott contributes in the November *Century* an article on the labor problem, entitled, "Danger Ahead," in which he says: "I wish I had the ear of the working-men's organizations. I would put these figures before them, and then would address them in some such terms as the following:

"Do you not see the fatal defect of all your organizations? You combine only that you may not work. In one Summer's telegraphic strike you spent \$400,000 for the right to be idle. Why did you not expend it for the right to be independent? Half a million dollars, plus all the telegraphic talent in the United States, with the sympathies of the nation as a reserve, combined to establish postal telegraphy, might have given you success instead of failure. Strike, not for better wages in servitude, but for independence. Organize not to be idle, but to be busy. Combine not against your employers, but that you may employ yourselves. You battle not for the rights of labor, but for the right not to labor; it is a barren, fruitless right not worth fighting for. Victory is as bad as defeat. For combination put co-operation; for few hours and fair wages put independence; for the right to be idle put power to work. Make yourselves capitalists; combine your capital with your industry, and add to it by your credit, and so become your own masters."

A FLOOD OF READING.—In this age of fast presses the world is in danger of swamping in an ocean of printed gab. Every county, and even many a village, has its newspaper, which is bound to chronicle every new corn-crib erected. Then come the city papers, the literary journals, the agricultural and domestic organs, the magazines and the flood of books of all sorts, good, bad, and indifferent. If one sets out to be a reading man in the midst of all this avalanche, his first and imperative duty is to decide what he will not read. Time is not long enough to wade through the columns that are thrust upon him, not to mention those of sedate character for which he has to search. It is often said that there is not as much good reading now as in former times. When books and papers were fewer, they were read with more attention and more thought. That is what we mean by good reading—the way of doing it and not the quantity of the thing read. Nowadays the most of us skate over a vast surface, and pick up a smattering as we go. But the people who are really well read do not thus waste their time. They read comparatively few books; but those are the best and thoroughly digested. Young people with gluttonous appetites for books will do well to recollect that if they wish the greatest benefit from what they absorb, they must select carefully and read with thought. Gulping down books gives mental dyspepsia. "Few and good" should be the motto.

THE English language is a very noble one, but it is full of pitfalls. Who can wonder that the foreigner occasionally fails to "compr'end" its idiomatic expressions?

French Visitor—I call to see Monsieur—

Maid—You can't see him, sir. He's not up yet.

Visitor—Vat you tell? I com' yester', and you say, "Can't see heem, because he is not down. Now you say, Can't see heem, because he is not opp. Ven vill he be in ze middle? I no compr'end not at all, mademoiselle!"

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PUBLICATIONS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS.

OUR SUNDAY TALKS:

—OR—

Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought,

By J. J. OWEN.

(Late Editor of the "San Jose Daily Mercury.")

SECOND EDITION. REVISED AND ENLARGED.

Following are some of the Press opinions of the first edition:

We consider the volume a most readable and useful compilation, in which the taste and ability of the able writer has been fully illustrated. Mr. Owen is editor of the *San Jose Mercury*, one of the leading newspapers of the State; edited with great tact and good management, and conducted with care and marked clear-headed judgment. His writings are always readable, terse, vigorous and clear-cut, and in the choice little volume before us, he gives us the very best flowers culled from the *bouquet* which his mind and brain have combined together.—*Spirit of the Times*.

It is calculated to elevate the mind above the mere greed for gain and momentary pleasures, and cause the thoughts to run in a more elevated channel. * * * It contains some magnificent gems, and is of that character that will command a place among the literature of the day.—*Pioneer*.

As to the contents of the book we can not speak too much praise. The selections are principally made up from the best things which have for several years been written for the *Mercury* by Mr. Owen. It is a collection of the beautiful thoughts—thoughts characteristic of the cultivated mind and warm heart of the author, clothed in the purest and best English. Mr. Owen, as a writer, has few equals on the Coast, and his "Sunday Talks" were penned in his happiest vein.—*Footlight*.

The compilation brings before us, in a compact form, the talented author's best and noblest thoughts on life and morals. Nothing in quiet hours will give more food for wholesome reflection than one of Bro. Owen's essays.—*Gilroy Advocate*.

The volume is made up of short editorials on thoughtful topics culled from the columns of the author's newspaper, which tell of studious application and observation, written in a pleasing and interesting style, and full of good "meat," with the intent of benefiting their minds.—*Carson Appeal*.

As a home production this collection of pleasing essays and flowing verse is peculiarly interesting. The author wields a graceful pen, and all of his efforts involve highly moral principle. Although these are newspaper articles published by an editor in his daily round of duty, yet when now bound together in one volume they seem to breathe more of the spirit of the cloistered scholar than is wont to gather round the ministrations of the editorial tripod.—*S. F. Post*.

Bro. Owen's ability as a prose and verse writer is unquestionably of a high order, and in thus grouping a number of his best productions into a compact and handy little volume, he has conferred a favor on many of the *Mercury's* readers, who, like ourselves, have read and appreciated the "Sunday Talks," and from them, perhaps, have been led to form a higher and more ennobling idea of the mission and duties of mankind. *San Benito Advance*.

Owen has a poetic way of saying practical things, a neat and attractive way which makes them readable and easily assimilated and digested, and this volume should have a wide circulation.—*Foot Hill Tidings*.

The volume is readable and suggestive of thought.—*S. F. Merchant*.

They embrace editorials on miscellaneous subjects, poems, sketches, and short articles, and are really what they style them, "Gleanings in Various Fields of Thought." The contents are as creditable to Mr. Owen's literary ability as the handsome looking volume is to the taste and resources of the *Mercury* printing establishment.—*S. F. Call*.

The articles in "Sunday Talks" are written in an easy, flowing style, enchain the reader, and teaching grand doctrine. One lays down "Sunday Talks" feeling improved in spirit, with a renewed confidence in mankind and a brighter opinion of the world. The poems are beautiful, and one in particular, "Across the Bar," if name were not attached, would easily pass for the production of some of the noted poets of the country. The poems have a similar tone to the ballads of B. F. Taylor, one of the sweetest poets of America. "Sunday Talks" should have a large circulation.—*Watsonville Pajaronian*.

We have read the "Sunday Talks" and shall continue to do so, for let us open the book where we may we are sure to find something that makes us feel the better for reading; every article is the expression of the thoughts of a manly man to his fellow man.—*Monterey Californian*.

Bright, crystallized sunbeams, which gladden the heart, and give fresh inspiration to the soul. The few moments we allotted to their enjoyment have lengthened to hours, and with a sigh of regret we turn from their contemplation, only because the duties of the day have imperative claims upon our attention. These sunbeams have been materialized in the magic alchemy of a master mind. A more beautiful, instructive and entertaining volume never was issued upon the Pacific Coast, or any other coast. Every page is gemmed with bright, sparkling thoughts, the sunbeams of a rarely cultured intellect. As we read page after page of this splendid volume, we are forcibly reminded of the impressions received from our first perusal of Timothy Titecomb's "Gold Foil," or Holmes' "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table." It is a work which represents the highest, purest standard of thought, expressed in the best-known language. It is one of the happiest contributions which our home literature has ever received.—*Santa Barbara Press*.

They are each and all of them full of deep thought, felicitous expressions, and clear insight into life and its needs and lessons. They are better than sermons, preaching purity and nobility of character in language too plain to be misunderstood, and too earnest to be forgotten. Throughout the volume are choice gems of thought in paragraphs, as pointed and pungent as those of Rochefoucauld, without any of the latter's infidelity.—*Fort Wayne (Ind.) Gazette*.

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